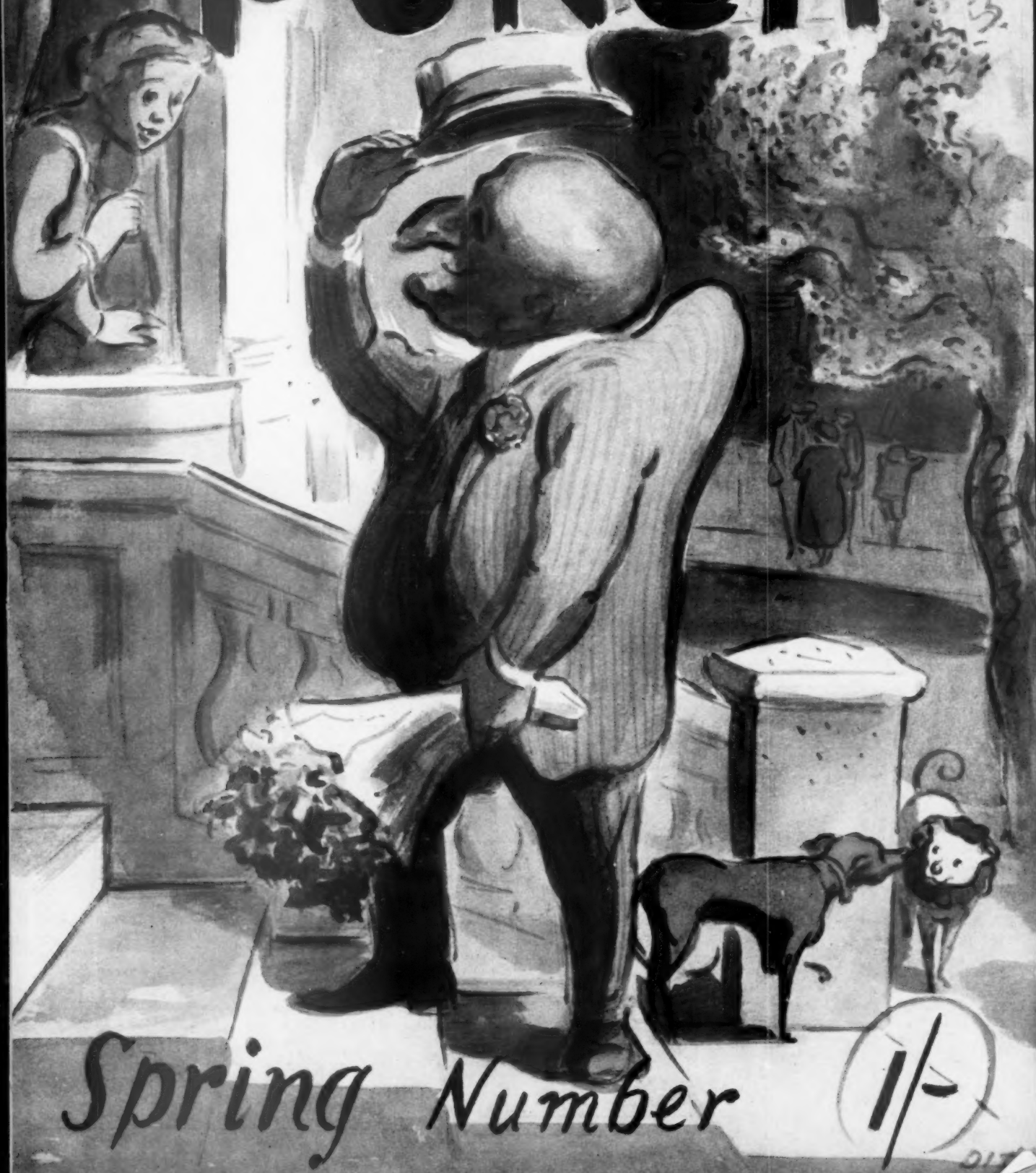


# PUNCH





It's a great idea  
for a wonderful day



It's a Midland Bank Gift Cheque—and it's the *only* cheque that is really worthy of a great occasion. It's a *personal* gift, for the cheque is made out for any amount you may provide and signed by you. It's a *permanent* gift, for long after the day has become a memory, there among the letters, the telegrams, the congratulations, will be this colourful folder—a constant reminder of you and your good wishes. Midland Bank Gift Cheques can be obtained at any of the Bank's 2,120 branches by anyone, whether customers of the Bank or not. They cost 1/- each, over and above the amount of the cheque. A leaflet in colour describing this new banking service is available from the branches or by post.

*Also available:*

Midland Bank Gift Cheques for Birthdays,  
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**MIDLAND BANK GIFT CHEQUES**  
*...the modern way to give a money present*

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED • HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

By appointment to  
Her Majesty the Queen



Charles H. Pugh Ltd,  
Motor Mower Manufacturers

# ATCO

## MOTOR MOWERS

1956



If you could see my velvety lawn and my Atco motor mower all green and gleaming, you would scarcely believe I had had it for nine years and that ever since I bought it Atco Service has kept it sharp, clean and trouble-free.

That's the beauty of buying an Atco. It does this tiresome job better than any other and its efficiency can be maintained year after year by the firm's own service organisation which is both highly proficient and a delight to deal with.

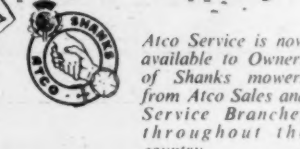
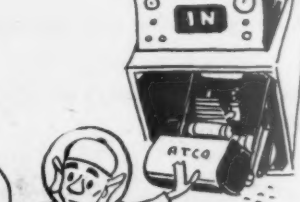
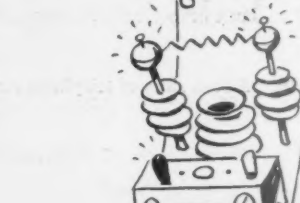
I do urge you to order your Atco now, to make sure of getting the one you need. Atcos are getting more popular every year and it's simply because there is no motor mower like them and no service approaching Atco Service. Ask your dealer to ear-mark an Atco for you now.

Atco's superiority is equally acknowledged in motor mowers and wide-cut units for large area mowing and in the new Atcoscythe for long-grass cutting. Please write for illustrated literature.

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD. P.O. Box 256  
Atco Works, Birmingham 9

M.3

2036



**ATCO  
SUPREMACY  
IS BASED  
ON SERVICE**

**ATCO  
ATOMIC  
SERVICE**

Atco Service is now  
available to Owners  
of Shanks mowers  
from Atco Sales and  
Service Branches  
throughout the  
country.



What a  
*Stenorette 'S'*  
does—  
IS YOUR BUSINESS

And this is what this Amazing Dictating Machine will do . . .

- ▶ Take 25 minutes unbroken dictation (say 3,000 words)
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Please send me without obligation a copy of your Stenorette 'S' book.

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(Electronics Division, Gas Purification & Chemical Co. Ltd.)

GD240/28

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CRC 139

*"The Best of the Bunch"*

## MACKENZIE'S "VINTNERS CHOICE" SUPERIOR AMONTILLADO SHERRY



"VINTNERS CHOICE" is an ideal aperitif for those who prefer a medium wine. It is delightful to the palate and has all the luscious flavour of the grape, but will just a touch of dryness to give zest to the appetite.

For those who like a sweeter wine, there is  
"VINTNERS CREAM"  
Rare Old  
Oloroso Sherry

*From Your Wine Merchant*

**MACKENZIE & CO. LTD.**

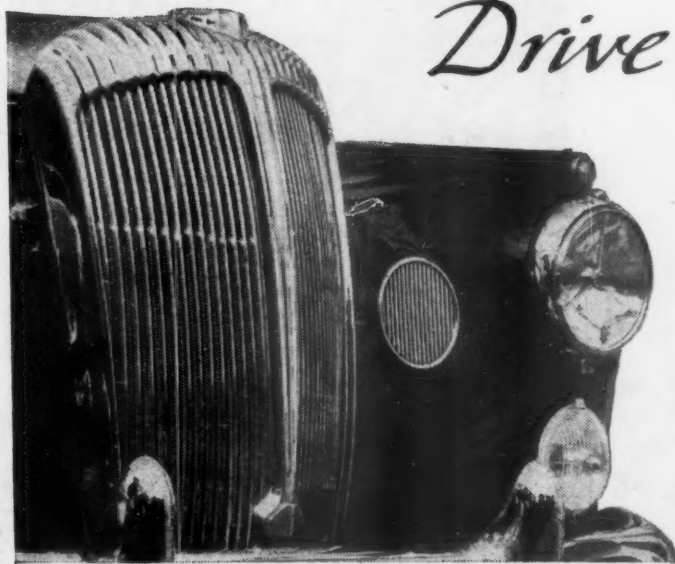
20, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3. JEREZ & OPORTO



The new Daimler 2½ litre 'Century' Mk. II saloon.

*Get there swifter...  
safer... fresher...*

*Drive DAIMLER*



*The NEW 1956 Daimler Range:*

**DAIMLER "CONQUEST" 2½ LITRE**

'Conquest Mk. II' Saloon	.. ..	£1,735. 7. 0
'Century Mk. II' Saloon	.. ..	£1,897. 7. 0
The New Drophead Coupé	.. ..	£2,041. 7. 0

**DAIMLER 3½ LITRE and 4½ LITRE MODELS**

3½ litre 'One-O-Four' Saloon	.. ..	£2,828. 17. 0
3½ litre 'One-O-Four' Lady's Model	.. ..	*£3,076. 7. 0
4½ litre 4-light Saloon	.. ..	£3,440. 17. 0
4½ litre DK.400 Limousine	.. ..	£4,190. 17. 0

(All prices include purchase tax)

\*This new reduced price enables the special Lady's items to be purchased as optional extras item by item to choice.

The Daimler Company Limited, Radford Works, Coventry

# Look at a man...



in an admirable suit!



..... a man whose appearance belies his income. Always well-clad—impressive rather than 'dapper'—he solved his clothes problem years ago when he discovered GLENCARRICK. Everything about these Suits, suits him! The way they wear and 'stay': the choice he's got: and, believe it or not, most people think he pays far more than he really does!

See your nearest GLENCARRICK stockist now or, in case of difficulty write us for his address.

S.B. Suit Ready to Wear £15.15.0.

S.B. Jacket Ready to Wear £10.10.0.

Made to Measure at slightly extra cost.  
Over 40 patterns to choose from.

THORN-PROOF

**Glencarrick** REGD.  
TAILORED BY SIMON

**GLENCARRICK...** probably the world's finest thornproof  
BENJAMIN SIMON & SONS LIMITED  
Makers of High Grade Clothes, Park Lane, Leeds, 1.

for men  
of action



**FORWARDS RUSH** for Lenthéric quiet, perfect grooming. There are many fine packs to choose from.



**THE TRIPLE CROWN** of good grooming is "Three Musketeers". Details below.



**CROWDS** already applaud Lenthéric. Join the supporters' Club by following up their example.

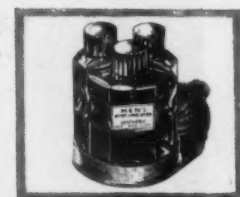
*It's a very fly half*

who appreciates quiet, perfect grooming by Lenthéric. Nothing makes a man—above or below the twenty-five mark—feel more manly. Nothing makes him feel more rugged—yet as fresh as a Twickenham daisy. The first time you try Lenthéric, you'll be converted. Make a determined dash for the Lenthéric line—now.

*quiet, perfect grooming*

**Lenthéric**

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men include After Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne, After Shave Powder, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, Brilliantine, Lather Shaving Cream, Shaving Bowl, Men's Soap and composite packs, "Overnighter" and other special sets. From chosen stockists.



"Three Musketeers". A well-matched trio for masculine freshness. Containing After Shave Lotion, Brilliantine and Men's Eau de Cologne. Price 24/-

top level planning . . .



. . . top level cigarette

It is an interesting reflection that Piccadilly No. 1 have gained their acceptance amongst influential people entirely on their merits and by recommendation from one man to another. Not surprising when you know that this large size fine Virginia cigarette is *all* choice leaf—the pick of the crop from the world's finest tobacco plantations.

twenty for 3/10



*When you fly*  
**TWA SUPER-G**  
**CONSTELLATION**

*across the Atlantic  
 and inside America*



*you fly in the  
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Deluxe sleeper seats are yours at no extra cost on all TWA First Class transatlantic flights. Cradle comfort, spacious leg room and elegant fittings await your pleasure aboard TWA Super-G Constellations, the quietest, most luxurious long-range airliners in the world.

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All eyes on  
 the **Imperial**  
 'Good Companion'

"I have a great variety of instruments to equip me for my job", said the optician. "But for sheer time-saving efficiency, this Imperial 'Good Companion' portable typewriter is the best instrument I've ever bought. We used to be up to our eyes in our clerical work. But now the Imperial 'Good Companion' races through it, and asks for more. I reckon I have been far-sighted . . ."

Two models £26. 0. 0. and £29. 10. 0. complete with carrying case. H. P. terms available. British from A to Z. Very easy to teach yourself to type fast, just from the manual. Why not efficiency at your fingertips, in your home or business?

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER CO. LTD. LEICESTER AND HULL.



## PLAYING SAFE

There is no fun in having to buy tyres. What are they but circular black things with squiggles all round? No glamour\*. But they do give you a feeling of well-being once you've got them. When you *are* forced to take the plunge however, you want to be sure you don't have to take it again for a long, long time. We know that Dunlop tyres, tubeless or with tube, are the best you can buy. You have probably found this out for yourself. It might be fun to be experimental in your choice of new tyres, but it's better to play safe . . . and choose Dunlop . . . the tyres which are chosen by the majority of British car manufacturers.



\* *NOTA BENE.* This does not apply to Dunlop White Sidewalls which are bought as a beauty treatment.

# DUNLOP TYRES

*...it's New!*

**FOR YOUR ENGINE**  
**FOR EVERY ENGINE**



## ESSO EXTRA MOTOR OIL

Whatever the make, the age or the condition of your car, new free-flowing Esso Extra Motor Oil gives *instant lubrication* at all temperatures, all the year round. This means that Esso Extra Motor Oil actually protects your engine throughout the entire working life built into it by the motor

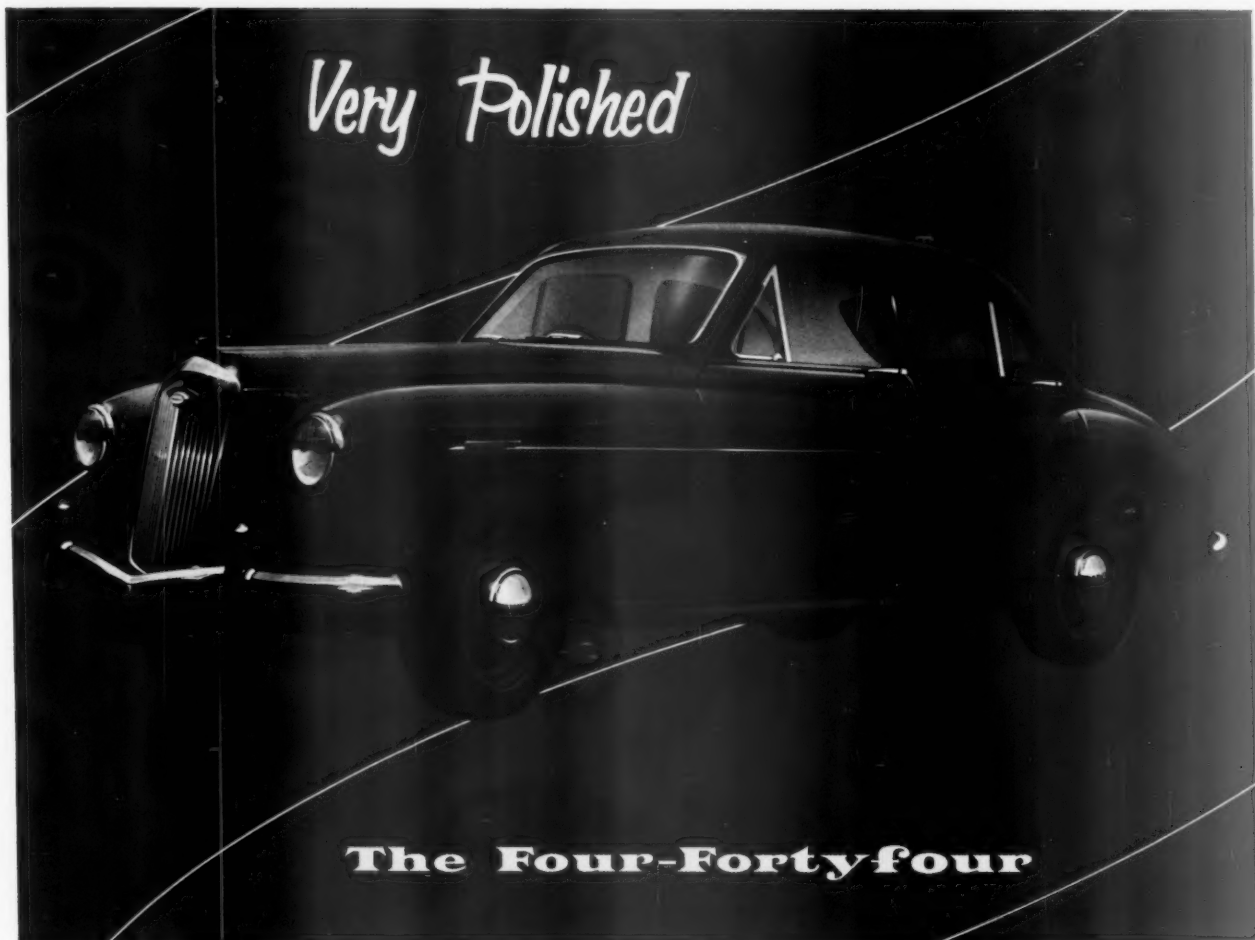
manufacturer. You enjoy quick-starting, smoother motoring straight away reduced upkeep costs and prolonged engine life.

Change now to new Esso Extra Motor Oil—recommended by leading car manufacturers—and on sale at Esso Dealers everywhere.



**ESSO**

**EXTRA MOTOR OIL** *protects your engine for life!*



*Very Polished*

## The Four-Fortyfour

Frankly, there's nothing quite like the Wolseley Four-Fortyfour. It has a distinction and a certain exclusiveness which make its owner feel very much at home among the big cars ; yet the impressive power and miles-per-gallon it affords give him all the advantages of its lower rating. It is the perfect car for the man who wants "something better" without having to pay a lot more for it. Altogether a very polished and distinguished car.

The Wolseley Four-Fortyfour has excellent suspension and road-holding and plenty of head and leg room for 5 people sitting within the wheelbase. Real English leather upholstery, pile carpets, polished walnut facia. Splendid all-round visibility ; safety glass throughout. Twin interior lights. Car heater integral with delicately controlled ventilation. Large luggage locker.



*Buy wisely—buy*

# WOLSELEY



WOLSELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD

Overseas Business : Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1. London Showrooms : 12, Berkeley Street, London, W.1



Brooke-designed Diesel Trawler for operation in the Barents and White Seas. (190 ft. overall)

"At what time our Marchants perceived the commodities and wares of England to bee in small request with the countreys and people about us, and neere unto us, and that those Marchandizes which strangers in the time and memorie of our auncesters did earnestly seeke and desire, were nowe neglected, and the price thereof abated, although by us carried to their owne portes, and all forreine Marchandizes in great accompt, and their prises wonderfully raised: certaine grave Citizens of London, and men of great wisdom, and carefull for the good of their Countrey, began to thinke with themselves, howe this mischiefe might bee remedied."

(Parts of an account of Richard Chancellor's voyage to Russia in 1553, taken from "The Principall Navigations of the English Nation" Vol. 1, edited by Richard Hakluyt in 1589)

#### BRITISH TRADE WITH RUSSIA

In the year 1553 . . . "enterprised by Sir Hugh Willoughbie Knight, and perfourmed by Richard Chancellor Pilot major of the voyage." In the year 1953 . . . enterprised by our Chairman and Managing Director, supported by his fellow Directors and Senior Executives . . . 20 Trawlers, value approximately £6,000,000.

# BROOKE MARINE LTD

ESTABLISHED 1874

Builders and Designers of Vessels to the Highest Specifications up to 275 ft. Overall Length.

MOTOR GUNBOATS  
PATROL BOATS  
TRAWLERS  
BARGES  
DREDGERS

MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS  
CUSTOMS LAUNCHES  
TANKERS  
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MOTOR CRUISERS & YACHTS

MINESWEEPERS  
COASTERS  
TUGS  
FERRIES  
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SHIPYARDS: LOWESTOFT, ENGLAND

Telephone : LOWESTOFT 1880 (6 lines)

## ***We did well to choose Samson Clarks . . .***



*. . . another good year—looking forward to increased demand for all our products — most successful advertising campaign.*

*. . . first rate presentation certainly helped to increase our home and export trade.*

*. . . media recommendations proved they really knew the market.*

For more than 25 years Samson Clark have acted for many of their most important clients. Yet, significantly, they have been appointed by several young and progressive companies. To every client they offer the experience gained during nearly 60 years as a leading London agency with the advantage of up-to-the minute ideas of a young and enthusiastic staff. Whether your advertising calls for a modest expenditure, or a national campaign embracing press, public relations, marketing and television, you can rely on the Samson Clark organisation with the utmost confidence.

### **SAMSON CLARK ADVERTISING**

*INCORPORATED PRACTITIONERS IN ADVERTISING*

57-61 MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1. Telephone : MUSeum 5050

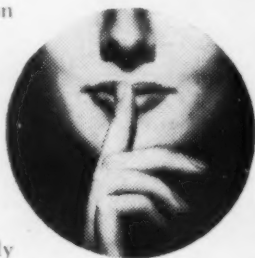
Financial Advertising Division : 39 KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2.

Telephone : MONarch 1233

# How much does Noise cost you in reduced output?

Have you ever considered this question? Perhaps not, but you should, for the whine of machinery and the chatter of conveyor belts and trolleys are a daily strain on the factory worker. Unless this noise is reduced to a comfortable level, it can result in "noise fatigue" which causes absenteeism, lack of concentration and a reduction in output.

But, fortunately, noise can be reduced to a comfortable level simply, effectively and permanently



by installing Acousti-Celotex Tiles. They mop up unwanted noise as blotting paper does ink. They are inexpensive and can be put in without interfering with production. Their success has been proved in factories and offices the world over. If you suspect you have a sound problem, write to us and we will give you expert advice without obligation.

## ACOUSTI-CELOTEX

Another Celotex Cane Fibre Product

**absorbs unwanted noise**

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN BY

CELOTEX LIMITED, NORTH CIRCULAR ROAD, STONEBRIDGE PARK, LONDON, N.W.10 TELEPHONE: ELGar 5717 (10 LINES)



### GOOD CLOTH?

Certainly. It would be silly to put this quality tailoring into anything but first class materials.

### GOOD FIT?

With at least 120 fittings to each style you *should* be all right.

### GOOD STYLE?

That is for you to judge. It's the easy classic suit with just a dash of 1956.

**Sumrie clothes are good**  
— really good



"Golden Grade"  
Lounge Suits  
from 23 gns.

At Selfridges in London  
and at Good Men's Shops  
throughout the Country

Should you experience any difficulty in obtaining Sumrie Clothes please write to:

C. & M. SUMRIE LTD., (DEPT. P.8), SUMRIE HOUSE, LEEDS, 9.



*Famous  
for  
nearly  
300  
years.*



Here is a liqueur for the connoisseur — distinctive — delectable. Into this notable blend of finest brandy, aromatic tangerines and other rare ingredients, is distilled the sunshine of "the fairest Cape in the whole circumference of the Earth." Grace your after-dinner table with Bertram's Van Der Hum and give a unique pleasure to yourself and to your friends.



*The story of "Mr. What's-his-name."*

The early Dutch settlers in the Cape of Good Hope made a liqueur in imitation of their famous Curacao. Being unable to recall the name of the original distiller, they referred to him as "Van Der Hum" —the Dutch equivalent of "Mr. What's-his-name." And that, according to legend, is how this famous liqueur got its name.

**Bertrams**

ORIGINAL

*Van der Hum*  
LIQUEUR



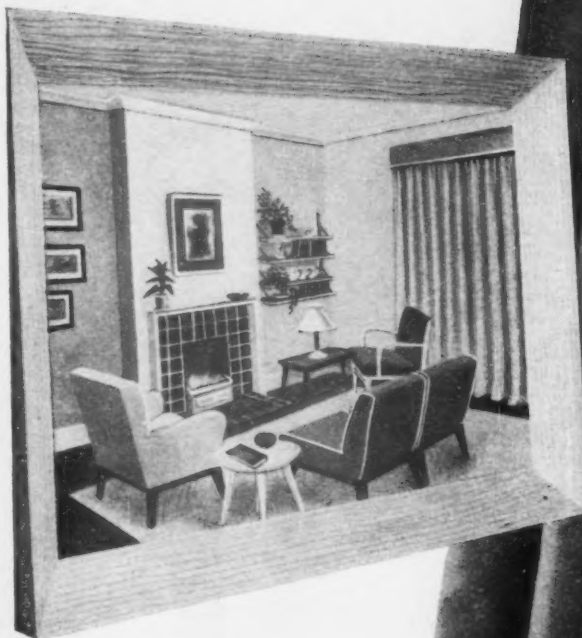
Think of any occasion—and  
 Aristoc has the nylon answer...  
 Cast your eyes on any fashion colour—  
 and Aristoc has a shade to harmonize...  
 Imagine nylons of beauty that wear with  
 a will—Aristoc makes them a reality...

*fashion  
 looks to*

*Aristoc*

THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

From 8/6 to 12/11

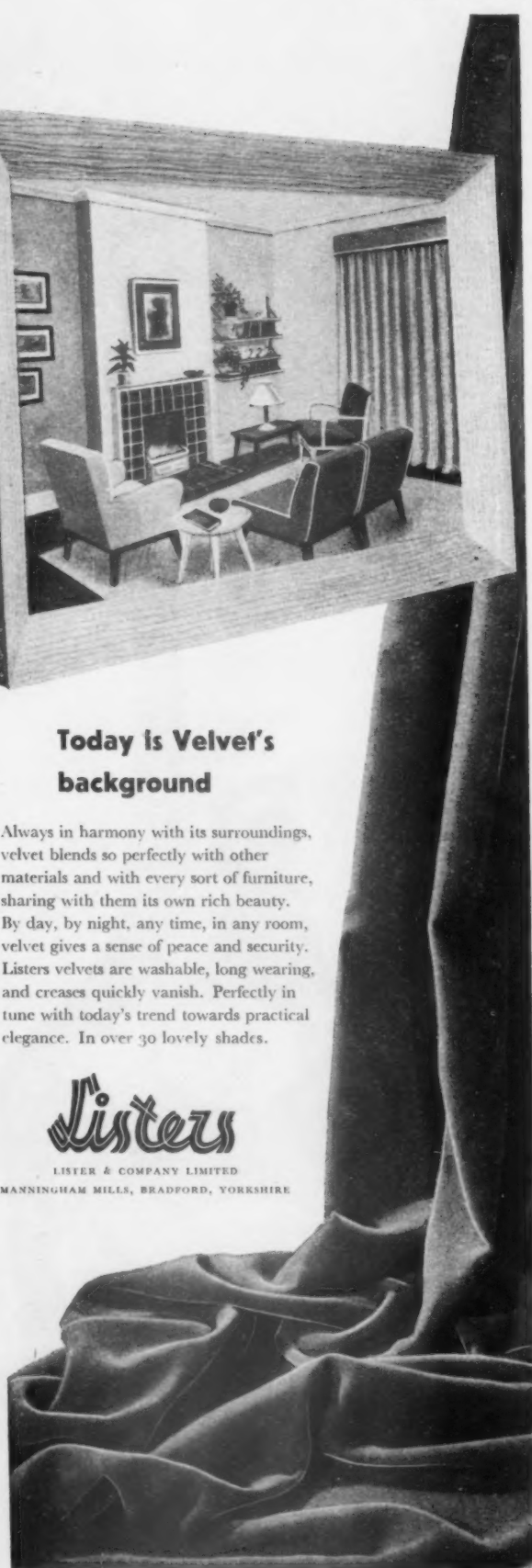


### Today is Velvet's background

Always in harmony with its surroundings,  
 velvet blends so perfectly with other  
 materials and with every sort of furniture,  
 sharing with them its own rich beauty.  
 By day, by night, any time, in any room,  
 velvet gives a sense of peace and security.  
 Lister's velvets are washable, long wearing,  
 and creases quickly vanish. Perfectly in  
 tune with today's trend towards practical  
 elegance. In over 30 lovely shades.

*Listers*

LISTER & COMPANY LIMITED  
 MANNINGHAM MILLS, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE





## Makes you feel so fresh and feminine

Yardley Lavender is more than a lovely, light-hearted fragrance. It's a feeling . . . fresh, gay and wonderful—like being in love! And when you feel like that, you look your prettiest. Have Yardley Lavender about you always. A bottle on your dressing table, Crystallised Lavender in your handbag, lavender soap for your bath.

### Yardley Lavender



"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

*Benson & Hedges are proud to announce that their cigarettes are available on every route served by the following famous airways; proud too, that in many instances these cigarettes are the most widely favoured of any.*

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS  
 BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION  
 SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM  
 QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS • CYPRUS AIRWAYS  
 EL-AL ISRAEL AIRLINES • AER LINGUS  
 AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS  
 CANADIAN PACIFIC AIRLINES • AIR FRANCE  
 K.L.M. ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES  
 TRANS-AUSTRALIAN AIRLINES • SABENA  
 BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS  
 TRANSPORTES AEREOS PORTUGUESES  
 CENTRAL AFRICAN AIRWAYS  
 SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

In your journeying by air, you may observe how certainly the great comfort and luxury provided by the world's most famous airways is aptly accompanied by **BENSON and HEDGES** cigarettes—so very carefully made from the finest of fine tobaccos.



BY APPOINTMENT  
 TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
 TOBACCONISTS  
 BENSON & HEDGES LTD

*When only the best will do*

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TBW/LA12

## **2** machines by **Olivetti** designed especially for the busy small business

The Studio 44 typewriter and the Summa 15 hand operated adding-listing machine have both been designed particularly to provide for the needs of the busy small business. In their capacity to stand up to the hardest work and in their ability to serve the most exacting up-to-date needs, these machines lack nothing in performance compared with much larger and more expensive machines.

The completeness and compactness of the Studio typewriter and the Summa adding-listing machine have been achieved by the skilled engineering design for which Olivetti are so famous.



### **Studio 44**

86 character keyboard - Full-length platen - Carriage on roller bearings - Key-set tabulator - Personal touch-tuning - Standard size ribbon spools - Half-spacing

### **Summa 15**

Hand operated - Capacity 10/11 columns - Automatic printing - Operates both in sterling and whole numbers - Sterling cut-off device - Direct subtraction and credit balance - Prints the proof of its balance.



#### **British Olivetti Ltd.**

10 Berkeley Square - London W. 1

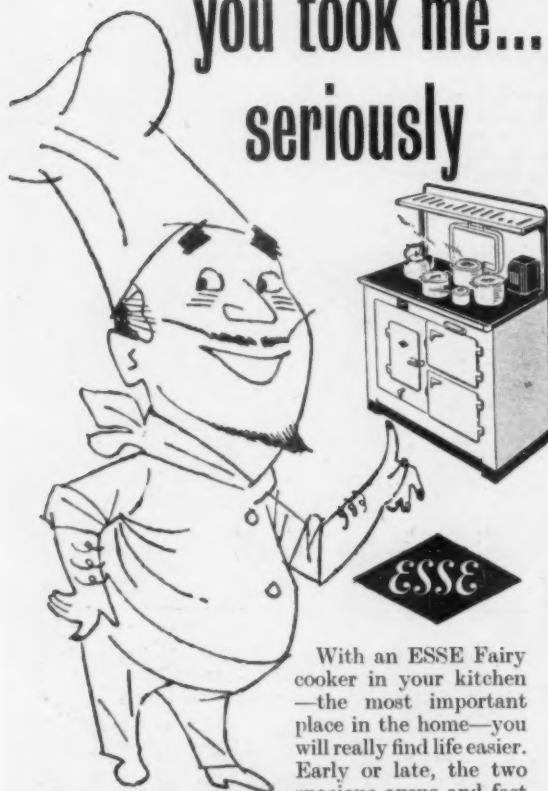
Sales Branches:

London - 32/34 Worship Street, E.C. 2.

Glasgow - 115/207 Summerlee Street, E. 3.

Authorized dealers throughout the country

# You'll bless the day you took me... seriously



With an ESSE Fairy cooker in your kitchen—the most important place in the home—you will really find life easier. Early or late, the two spacious ovens and fast boiling hotplate are hot and at your service. There's ample hot water for 2 to 3 baths a day plus washing. As for cooking quality, just taste the light delicious pastry from an ESSE indirectly heated oven... mmmmmmm... there's nothing to beat it.

Thermostatic control, no daily lighting, and no oven flues to clean. Smogless coke, anthracite, or Phurnacite are the fuels.

Perhaps best of all, an ESSE puts money in your pocket. "Our savings in fuel, electricity and extras, practically pay the H.P. instalments," wrote a user recently. Cash price with boiler from £116.10.6.

## SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD

Bonnybridge, Stirlingshire  
London: 63 Conduit Street W1  
Also at Liverpool, Edinburgh,  
Glasgow & Dublin



**FREE!** Post this coupon in unsealed envelope (14d stamp) for colour folder DC and name of your nearest stockist.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Punch, April 11 1956

"Wine to the poet is  
a winged steed: Those who drink  
water gain but little speed."

NICAENETUS. ("GREEK ANTHOLOGY")



**REX SHERRY**  
20/- per bottle



**MARLBOROUGH PORT**  
19/- per bottle



**KING'S VAT SCOTCH  
WHISKY** 36/- per bottle



**FLEURIGNY FRERES  
CHAMPAGNE** 22/- per bottle

Our current Price List will be sent with pleasure on request

## DAVID SANDEMAN & SON LTD

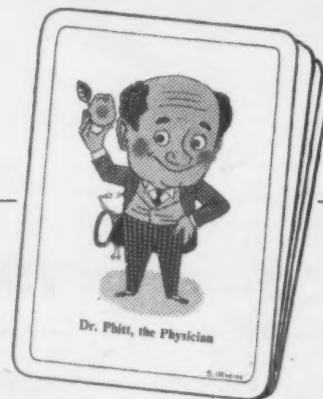
64, FALL MALL, S.W.1 Telephone WHITEhall 6937-9

at the corner of St. James's Street opposite St. James's Palace, and at

111, WEST GEORGE ST., GLASGOW, C.2 - 53-59, MILLER ST., GLASGOW, C.1

Established 1821

Westminster  
Happy Families  
No. 1



Patients take up so much of Dr. Phitt's days (and nights sometimes) that he has little leisure for looking after his financial affairs. But, he doesn't worry; he places them in the hands of Westminster Bank. As a result, he can leave to us a good deal of 'paper work' arising from the financial side of his work. His bank statement provides a concise record of receipts and payments. His subscriptions are paid automatically by Banker's Order. Relieved of these and other needless cares, the Doctor is a happy man. And, if you would like to be happy too...

**You should bank  
with the Westminster**

Westminster Bank Limited



*Left:* Heavy linen union, 48/50", excellent for loose covers or curtains. Handsome flower print on backgrounds of grey, red, yellow or wine; **yard 18/9**

*Below:* Heavy cotton damask, 48/50", in a magnificent traditional design. Woven specially for us in a fine mercerised cotton, rich and lustrous, suitable for loose covers and curtains. Venetian red, gold, soft blue, ivy green or mushroom; **yard 37/6**

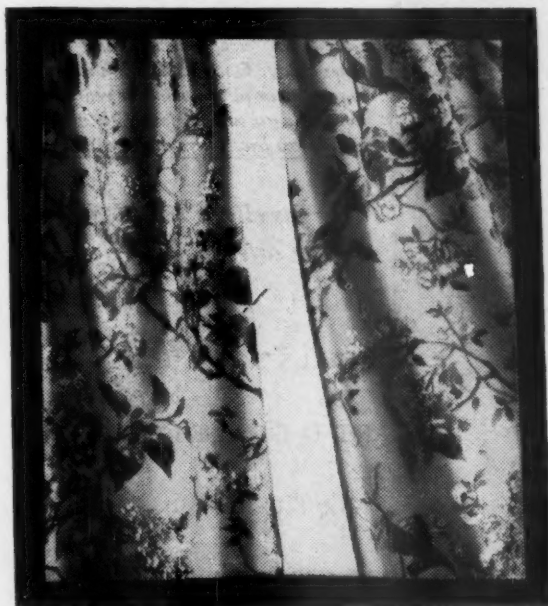


## Fresh Outlook

We've curtains for every outlook, town or country, every room - rich damask, velvet, gay chintz, modern prints . . . And our experts will measure and make curtains and pelmets for you in our own workrooms.

FURNISHINGS: SECOND FLOOR

*Below:* Everglaze chintz, 30/31", in a large pattern of graceful spreading lilac sprays. Pink and green on backgrounds of grey, green, charcoal or natural; **yard 10/6**



*Below:* Italian damask, 48/50", in a small, traditional pattern suitable for covers or curtains. Blue, rose, red or green, all with gold, or gold/self; **yard 25/9**



TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

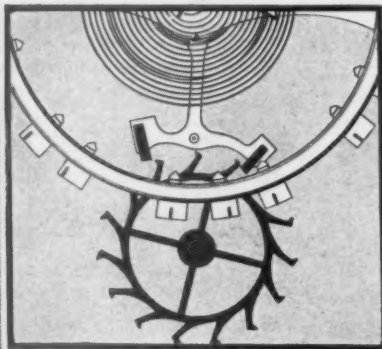
*"How long will it keep good time?"*

YOUR JEWELLER answers questions like that expertly and honestly. He's a trained specialist with a reputation to guard.

He'll explain that a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch will keep exact time for many, many years. For with a jewelled-lever, made by craftsmen as superb as the Swiss, lasting accuracy is certain.

But he'll probably ask you to come back for a check-up after you've worn your watch a few weeks. For no two people use a watch alike. Yours may need a bit of adjustment to the life you lead.

Remember, your jeweller isn't simply a salesman. His care for the watch he sells you will last as long as you own it.



#### THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

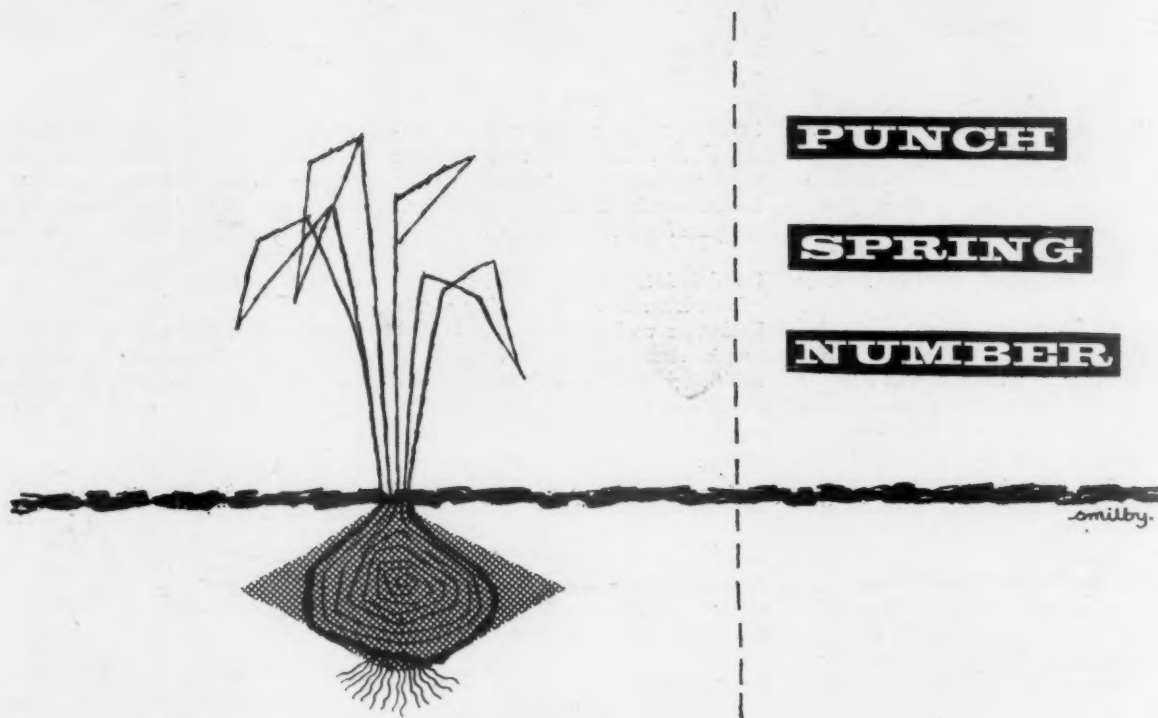
*These two jewels on the lever-arm lock and release the escape-wheel teeth 432,000 times a day. Only jewels are hard enough to resist wear at this point for years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.*

*Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard*

SWISS

FEDERATION OF  
WATCH

MANUFACTURERS



### Hey Nonny No

If you must sing, sing nonny-no,  
 The summer being now in view;  
 Though why the least coherent lover  
 Should find his stock of words so low  
 I never could myself discover  
 Nor met the man who nonny-knew.

The lark now leaves his watery roost  
 And rents and rates begin to rise;  
 And dearer still are milk and money.  
 But chocolate has been reduced:  
 Sweet-lovers love the spring, hey-nonny,  
 And so will you if you are wise.

The year reviving old desires  
 Sees last year's wage again out-bid:  
 And though the mere return of spring-time  
 Can nonny-not revive old tyres  
 The Motor Traders' pretty ring-time  
 Sits much less pretty than it did.

Now rival economic views  
 Divide the nonny-noes and ayes.  
 Now fresh reflections keep occurring  
 To minds of nigh a hundred hues,  
 Which yet are solid in preferring  
 One Hugh to many hundred Nyes.

Now icy winter reigns no more  
 Nor, what is more important, snows.  
 Now summer cottons leave the drawer  
 Whence winter woollies came before,  
 And last year's colour-schemes look rarer  
 Than Marian's hey-nonny-nose.

Hey-nonny-no, the sun has run  
 Two-thirds his course in Aries' house.  
 Now every lover clasps his leman  
 And, what with spring-time and the sun,  
 The man who cannot prove a he-man  
 Can but remain, hey-nonny, mouse.

P. M. HUBBARD

AS usual, the B.B.C. has led the annual publicizing of spring, perhaps with even more topical fervour over buds and birdsong than in previous years. With such distinguished backing, listeners need have no fear that the thing will go off half Koch.

### Let X=Mother Nature

POLITICAL correspondents are largely in agreement that the dismissal of General Glubb by King Hussein was influenced by Queen Dina's having given birth to a daughter instead of a son. So even our most determined critics feel unable to make a blundering Foreign Office responsible.

### Same the Whole World Over

MOST of the visitors to Monaco at the time of Prince Rainier's marriage to Miss Kelly, said an anti-sensationalist gossip-writer, "will be there for a



gamble as much as anything." What does he think Prince Rainier and Miss Kelly will be there for?

### Back So Soon?

MANY passengers in the Cunard liner *Franconia* are reported to have expressed resentment and dismay when the ship suddenly turned back for Southampton with engine trouble. The few who took it quite as a matter of course were usually in the practice of travelling by air.

### Blurred Picture

WHILE pro-Khrushchev elements were knocking down Stalin's statues in Moscow, old Georgian pro-Stalinists were tearing down Khrushchev's portraits in Tiflis. Many people feel that if this sort of thing caught on it might provide a new and bloodless way of settling ideological conflicts. Others,

however, proudly hugging their snapshots of Mr. Malenkov patting children's heads against a background of Windsor Castle, wonder if there is any way of safeguarding their investment.

### Good Point

IN a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer urging a reduction in fuel tax, a standing joint committee of British motoring organizations is reported to have said: "One of the principal difficulties now facing this country on the economic plane is the rising spiral of prices." Mr. Macmillan's reply has not yet been made public; it is thought that he has been much struck by this astute analysis and is asking around among his Treasury advisers in case any of them should think that there can be anything in it.

### Sweetie Went Away

IT must have been a surprise to a Chicago husband whose wife, after "slimming down from 190 lb. to her wedding-day weight of 127 lb." divorced him on the ground of desertion. If anyone had been deserted he had.

### Or a Leaflet Campaign

LONDONERS were horrified to read that despite swingeing fines last year, New Yorkers still left scrap paper on 58.2 per cent of the city's streets and



cigarette and toffee packets on 42.5 per cent. Obviously, what the New Yorkers need is more parks.

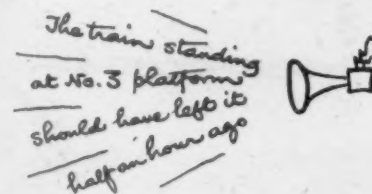
### Egg-Head

BRITISH political opinion was badly shaken by Mr. Adlai Stevenson's defeat in the Minnesota primaries; there is a certain Englishness about Mr. Stevenson which had kindled a spark in this country and combined

with his intelligence, wit, liberal outlook and balanced judgment to attract warm British support as a Democratic candidate. But it is not our opinion that counts. America is perfectly well entitled to cold-shoulder a presidential aspirant who never wears funny hats.

### Overdoing It Already

MR. HAROLD WATKINSON's forecast of greater efficiency on the railways has



been read with alarm by Upminster-Fenchurch Street passengers. Only recently a dozen of them missed their 9.16 because it was on time.

### But Leave the Jaw Free

TELEVISION panelists photographed in the new tea-cosy hats have tempted the newspaper-reading layman to the usual uninformed criticism. There does seem something in the suggestion, however, that with so much space available in the crown the whole thing could be pushed a good deal lower over the face.

### Longer View Needed

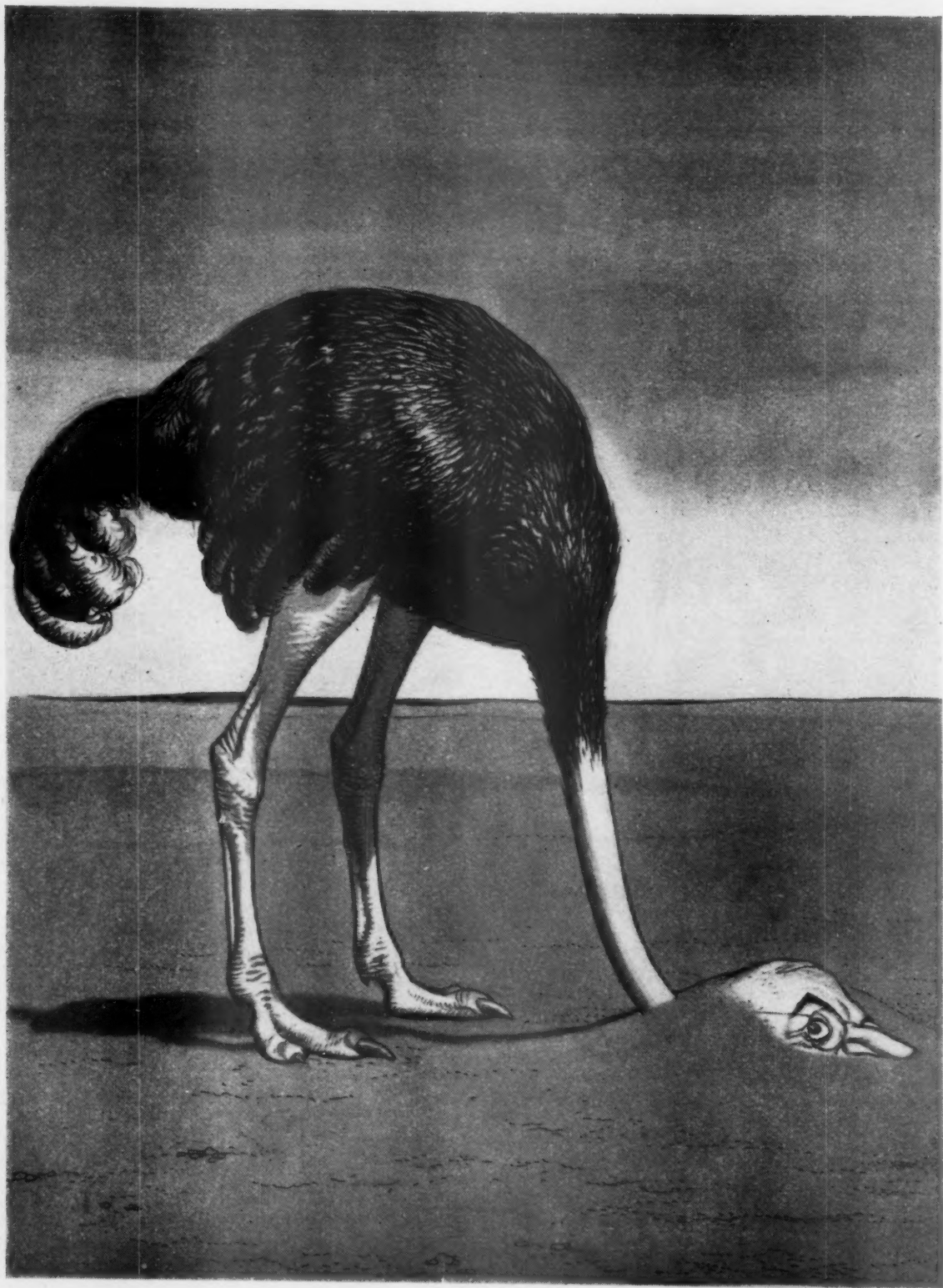
SOCIAL Democrats in West Germany have protested against plans to hold British Army manoeuvres on Lüneburg Heath, "saying that the national park must be saved from devastation." But isn't that the whole idea?

### Question of Precedence

THE Monte Carlo honeymooners hope To pay a formal call upon the Pope:

When Holiness greets glam'rous bride and groom

Which party's granting audience to whom?





## Television Man



THROUGH no fault of his own (for he seemed of good character, albeit with some tendency to shiftlessness) this young man had been forced into the pursuit or calling of Television Man.

His own word for it was "the Announcing Lark," and after overcoming his suspicion that I might be connected with the Inland Revenue he answered my questions readily enough. He was sturdily built, the only signs of privation being his pallor and a slight stooping of the shoulders. His suit was of some dark material, neatly pressed but shiny at the revers and on the sleeves. He had on clean linen, and wore the tie of some Club or Regiment; he could not remember which, although I pressed him hard for the information. Altogether he presented an appearance at once sober, earnest, and apprehensive.

"Why, bless you, sir, there must be upwards of thirty of us playing the 'announcing lark' in London at this time, and maybe more; indeed it's hard to tell, it not being a *settled* profession as you might say of bricklaying, or the selling of roasted chestnuts, or the like. No, sir, my father was not in the same line, for in his time such a thing was hardly thought of, nor did many see the possibility of living by such a fanciful occupation, not in those days. He did well as a grocer in the North, and I was to follow him. But the hours being so long, and the labour so arduous, I was not inclined to continue at it. Yes, I fought in the wars, and 'was a fair enough hand at it, I dare say, and gave as good as I got. [He had served in the Royal Air Force.] After that I suppose I fell in with evil companions, who put it in my mind to seek out some occupation where the pickings were O.K. [that is, the remuneration was satisfactory] and the work but little. At that time many were taking to the theatrical life, for in the wars the public had paid to see anything, however uncouthly presented, and there was ample scope still for a presentable

gent who could get a part by heart and possessed more than one suit. All that is changing now, for the public seek other attractions, or, if they *are* to see a play, all must be nicely done, and with proper entertainers that have been at pains to take lessons.

"Yes, I fell in with the theatricals, and did well enough for a time up and down the country. But, the work being so strenuous, I resolved to make my way to London and find some more congenial branch of the 'lark'; for I had heard that there was much to be picked up [earned] by way of appearing at the Palladium, etc., or by turning agent and working the best fiddle of all [engaging in the most profitable vocation]."

He went on to give an account of the trials which beset him in the metropolis: how he lived on friends, took engagements as scullion, "carried a spear" for Mr. Donald W—, and finally, having had an almost new suit sent to him by his father, fell to "televisioning."

"Oh, they seemed happy enough to have me, for I had taught myself a proper way of speaking, and could smile or look solemn according as to how it was required. Yes, I like it well enough, I dare say. The way of it is this, you see: suppose there is to be some piece of ribaldry played before the cameras, or some learned discourse, or it may be a lady to pretend to sing, with some fetching division arranged between the one breast and the other so that she may seem the more accomplished; why, then, I will first appear and will state the names of the personages concerned. If it is to be a comical personage, why then I will save his name to the *end* of my pronouncement, and say it right loudly, and as though on the point of laughing. That is a "dodge" we have. Or if it is to be a weighty matter, then I will frown; and in this way prepare the public for what is to follow.

"Yes, there is skill in it, as you remark. Then there are other 'dodges.' [This I took to mean "tricks-of-the-trade," or "subtleties".] One is, to appear to have a cold, and apologize for being husky: then the public will send many a score of bottles of rum, which

fetch a tidy amount if sold at half-price. Oh, yes, the public is generous to such unfortunates as we, upon the smallest encouragement. Another 'dodge' is to make out to be a 'personality,' as by yawning at the camera, or biting your nails, or combing your hair: any little thing to set you apart from other men. By this you may soon be chosen for 'acting' for the moving pictures, and so make a good match. Talent? Why, I suppose that comes after.

"No, I do not complain, for I have brought myself to these straits. I might have had my own car by now if I had applied myself to my father's trade. But I make the best of things, and trust in Equity. I share this four-roomed apartment with another even worse placed than myself, and we do middling well. Yes, I have meat twice a week, or three times if the weather is cold. At other times I have mostly spaghetti. I must provide my own clothes, and keep myself tidy on all occasions. [He was unwilling to divulge his weekly stipend, as are many of his class, but insisted, on my cross-examining him, that it wasn't enough. I believe he was frank and trustworthy in most of his statements.] When I have paid my rent, and bought the necessities, I have barely enough to see all the moving-pictures which take my fancy. But my 'girl-friend' is 'well-heeled,' and proud to be seen about with me."

Upon being questioned as to his thoughts of the future he replied: "Why, I should be content if I could only get into the 'Interviewing Lark,' for there one meets a variety of people, and so has opportunities for advancement. Ah, if only I could master as many 'dodges' as Mr. Richard D—! [Here he sighed.] Then I should think myself fortunate indeed, to be mentioned in the same breath as Royalty. But that's a dream."

Before I took my leave he confided that he did have one ambition: it was, he said, to find some "lark" which carried an expense account. In this, I may say, he resembled many another member of the growing army of London's poor.

ALEX ATKINSON

# How to Play the Symposium

By R. G. G. PRICE

IT is a pity that the good old Symposium has died out. At one time authors were always gathering an Individualist, an Aesthete, a believer in currency reform and a whole group of other articulate characters in a large country house and letting them talk themselves through the pages of a volume. Sometimes one could tell what side the author was on by the way the man he backed got the easier targets; sometimes the author kept his conclusions secret and the result of reading the volume was pretty open-minded and confusing. It was a good literary form for the playwright who was weak on construction or the novelist who found himself heavy-handed with romance. It was also a good literary form for the man who wanted to claim kinship with Plato but did not like to do more towards underlining the resemblance than pinching Plato's framework. Occasionally a very daring author would actually pinch Plato's characters and set them down in the modern world. It usually made them chaff one another coyly.

One difficulty that every stager of Symposia has to beware of is an epidemic of agreement. Somehow, about half-way through, his fund of aggression gets used up and he finds it harder and harder to produce enough to spread round fairly. First minor characters begin to get converted; then the stars work out a common viewpoint. Before he knows where he is he finds his volume is half empty and has to fill up with ghost stories.

For many years I fancied myself as a Symposium performer. I felt how agreeable it would be never to commit myself, always to balance one convincing argument with another and not lay myself open to reprisals. Unfortunately I used to find that my Symposium began to develop a very dramatic life of its own. Once I shut up representatives of all the leading Churches in a large house in the middle of a park. My opening chapters described the beautiful scenery that surrounded it, the charm of the mansion, the picture gallery in which the discussions were to take place, the characters of the disputants, something of their background and of their personal relations, their arrival at the

house, their greeting by a slightly mysterious host and the first meal.

By this time I was half-way through and none of the visitors had opened his mouth, except when they all tried to say Grace. The host finally got them picturesquely arranged and then with elaborate casualness pointed to an apple-tree outside the window, intending to get on fast to Eve and Original Sin and Salvation; but before he could get going a Baptist had begun to talk about pruning and an Archimandrite had contradicted him. Before I could do anything the whole house-party was squabbling over the best way to preserve fruit-trees from lightning.

In another Symposium, one which was intended to probe the question of the place of fatigue in industry, a good many of my team were naturally industrialists. Then there were a professor or two and a couple of representatives of labour, one sinister and one just a boss. Well, they all turned up and there was not too bad a discussion after dinner. Various problems emerged, various attitudes were tested. There seemed reasonable hope that after a good night's sleep there might be a move towards solid conclusions in the morning session. Not a bit of it! During the night the richest industrialist got murdered and one of the professors turned out to be a keen amateur detective. It was the last scene before I could get

them all sitting round again and then, instead of distinguishing between neural and muscular fatigue or presenting some interesting data about the number of man-hours lost in the executive grades through fatigue among stenographers, the professor put up a case against each member of the Symposium in turn, knocked it down and hung the crime on the host.

From my experience I can assure anyone who wants to use the Symposium that it is essential to cut down setting, dispense with characterization and omit all incidental reminiscences, however much the narrator claims they illuminate his theme. I remember an aunt of mine who was nearing the end of a Symposium about The Nature of Nature. All was going well when a Mr. Brisky, who represented the belief that only the unnatural is natural, tried to illustrate a rather difficult piece of metaphysics by an anecdote about buying a mongoose as a pet for his children. For a page or two, despite a bit of restlessness, it remained possible that at any minute the anecdote would disclose some philosophical point. After that, it became clear that the Symposium, as a Symposium, might as well have adjourned. My aunt cut out all the conversation and sold the rest as a child-and-animal story. It was a great Christmas success.

To be on the safe side, the Symposium should be as far as possible a meeting of minds without bodies. Eschew banquets, which lead to menus and gastronomy. Let the proceedings occur right out in the open, thus avoiding any competition from dissertations on architecture. Never describe the people taking part, who should be strangers, all the same sex and, apart from their flow of argument, rather dull. If there is the slightest sign of the proceedings getting out of hand, have an earthquake swallow them all up. Carefully done this can give the impression of being rather a clever criticism of the talk.

"Capable Housekeeper required, able to run home . . ."—*Newbury Weekly News*  
But not too often.



**MR. WILLIAM TEELING**  
Suspected sharp dealing  
In any proposal to alter  
The constitution of Malta.

**Mr. Robert Mellish**  
Laid about him with some relish.  
The anti-clerical  
Was hysterical.

The Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven  
Will not be entrusted to Mr. Aneurin  
Bevan.  
He has very little hope  
Of being elected Pope.

**Dr. Kenneth Pickthorn**  
Lays about him with a thick thorn,  
While Mr. Maclay ambles  
More placidly through the brambles.



## MALTESE CATS

**Mr. Hugh Fraser** thinks there is no  
knowing  
Whether he is coming or going.  
He would like some hint of  
The intentions of Mr. Mintoff.

**Mr. George Thomas** thought it would  
be hard if  
There was no hymn-singing in Cardiff.  
It would be still better  
To have some in Valletta.



Said **John Foster, Q.C.**,  
"If I see what you see,  
Then Malta is a special case.  
No one wants integration all over the  
place."

**Mr. Clement Davies**, the Member for  
Montgomery,  
Treated the House to a masterly  
summary.  
Liberalism in Gozo  
Was little more than so-so.

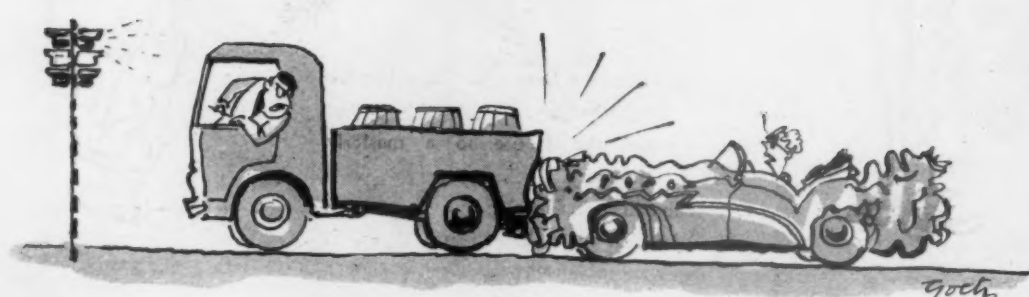
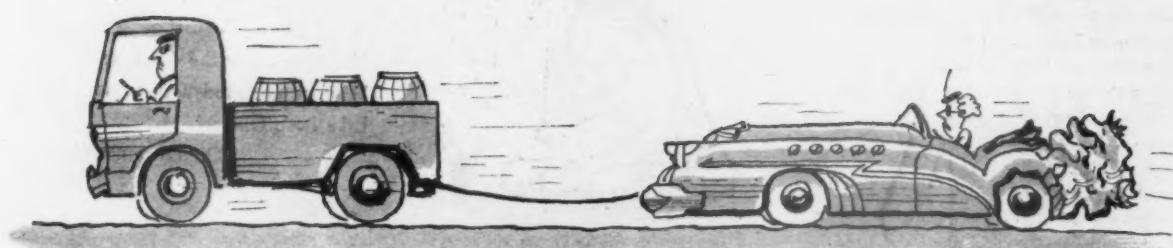
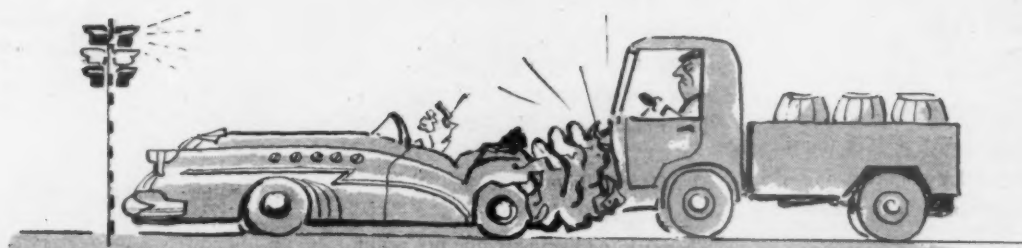
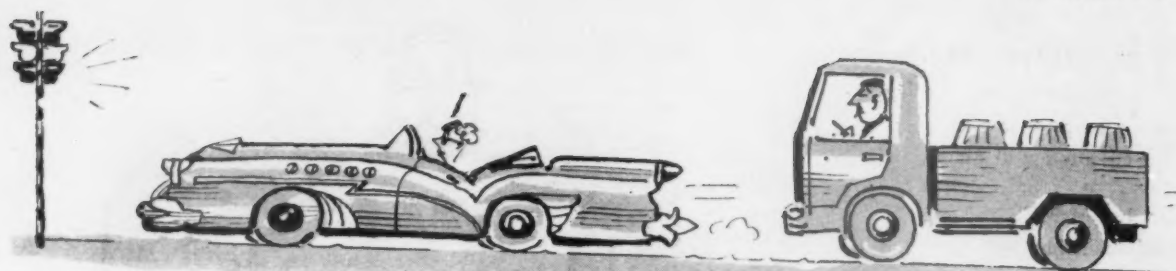


**Mr. Walter Elliot**, leading from  
strength,  
Discussed the subject at considerable  
length.  
It would lead us all a pretty dance  
If we did things the way that they did  
them in France.

**Roy Jenkins**, like Balfour's poodle,  
Would swallow the whole caboodle.  
Why be bothered with trivia  
Like Borg Olivier?

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS





# Theatre of War

By JOHN AWDRY

**B**EHIND the rusty black curtain that separates us from our waiting audience the anticipatory buzz of conversation ceases abruptly as the Commandant takes his seat. (My colleague, Inayat Khan, has often likened this sudden silence to the abrupt cessation of starlings at the approach of the hawk—but, I think, unkindly. Staff College students are a harassed lot the world over, eager to escape their private persecution in the refuge of communal hubbub.) The voice of our compère comes faintly to us.

"Gentlemen, the small play you are about to see aims at showing you . . . sometimes humorous vein . . . main aspects . . . planning . . . division moving by rail. As staff officers . . ." etc., etc.

On stage, meanwhile, no highly strung professionals could suffer sharper first-night jitters than the cast of the Movement By Rail play. The confident Directing Staff, whose glittering stars and crowns strike daily terror into their syndicates, would not be recognized in these tense beings, their false noses a-twitch with excitement.

The stage bears a Table, Barrack, and the piece of furniture still known—incongruously enough, for we are in Quetta—as Chairs, Windsor, on which I sit with assumed nonchalance and reading a scurrilous paper which conceals my script; for an advantage of military play-acting, much to be envied by the professional stage, is that it always involves sitting round a table, or clutching maps or files, thus enabling continuous, if furtive, reference to one's lines. As the comic RTO I wear a huge red moustache, the fastening of which I finger anxiously. In the wings my friend and colleague Afzal, as the comic Brigadier, anxiously prods the huge grey one which covers his own luxuriant growth. We mutter urgently, repeating our opening lines like a charm against evil.

By tradition, a pin-up from *Esquire* hangs behind me. In a few moments, also by tradition, I shall be hurriedly turning it to the wall before Afzal's outraged stare, revealing a keen-looking graph on its other side. The accompanying business will conform equally to custom. No other picture, no other

opening would do; for together Afzal and I are perpetuating an art-form as hallowed as the No Play or the Harlequinade—the military Instructional Playlet, found in its highest form only in the Staff Colleges of the Commonwealth.

Outside, the compère is working up to a somewhat cumbersome curtain cue. "Over, then," he roars, "to the RTO's office AT KLOTSK. . . ." Lance-Naik Lal Khan hauls mightily at the curtain, which rises, sags, rises and is still.

MYSELF: Ho, Hum. (Laughter)

AFZAL enters. (Laughter)

MYSELF: Good heavens, sir, I, er, wasn't expecting you till to-morrow. (Business with picture. Laughter.)

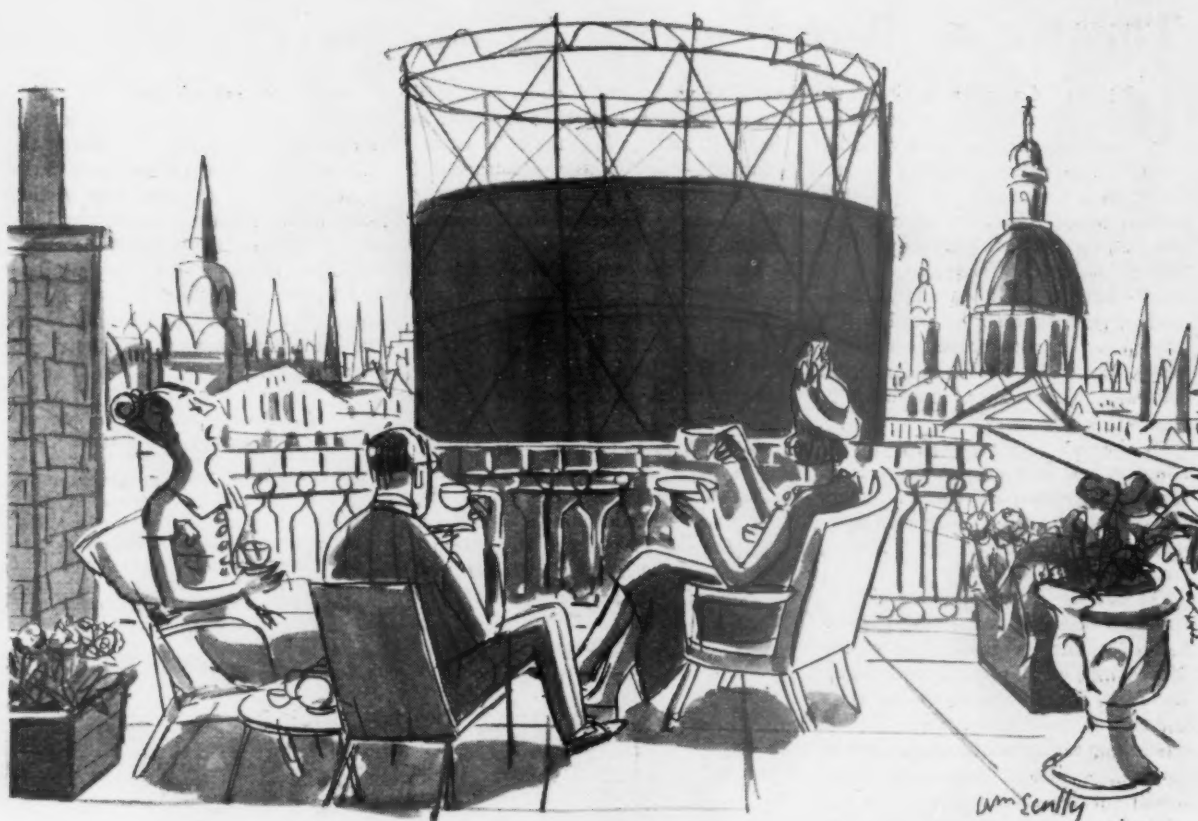
AFZAL: So I see! (Loud and prolonged laughter.)

The Show is on.

How, you ask, did all this start? Greece, cradle of the drama, cannot escape the imputation of fathering the military play. Visualize the scene at the Spartan Lyceum as, with crude Action itself barred from the boards, the D.S. in the rôle of Chorus hold the stage. Reportive and repetitive, they wind to and fro before the footlights, expounding in rhythmic strophe and antistrophe the unfolding lessons of Right and Wrong:

*"Sad day for the sons of Dance! Would that Damon, son of Lyneas, had gauged the force of windy Boreas ere commanding his Phrygian archers to fire in the upper register! For now, thick as the groves of woody Ithaca, sprout, ah! the descending shafts from the unexpected pates of his own long-haired Achaeans, all striking with a poly-plocketa sound, most sad to me that heard it. Woe," etc.*





"We get a magnificent view of the City skyline from time to time."

Or, more simply:

"Rejoice, we conquer!"

The keynote of most Instructional Plays, however, is a robust humour which, though earthy, is not that of Aristophanes. In this, puns are dominant. The flavour is unmistakably that of Rome:

*Scene: Act One of the Tribal Warfare Play at the College of Centurions. On stage, QUINTUS (red beard), SEXTUS (black beard).*

SEXTUS: Well, Quintus, old wineskin, and how are your Gaul friends faring this campaign?

QUINTUS: Well, Volumnia's gone off again, but Portia's coming up for the Saturnalia and— (*Pause for tumultuous laughter.*)

SEXTUS: Gauls, you fool, not girls (*more laughter*). Really, I sometimes wonder whether you're conscious!

QUINTUS: No, I'm Quintus. —and so on.

Most of these conventions have survived, while many others have been added. With the twentieth century, for instance, has come a pleasing freedom to poke fun at individual members of the audience by means of oblique references in the script. These are heavily barbed when aimed at students (who are not of course encouraged to retaliate), but are respectfully tangential in the case of the occupants of the cushioned seats in front. As in the field, surprise is the key; to hold his fire in the rehearsals and to *ad lib.* his darts on the day is the art of the real trouper.

Art conquers all; the aim is somehow achieved and, on the day, the desired lessons projected into even those—dare it be said?—unreceptive minds that lurk in every audience. His attention captured by the comic opening scene, the unwary sluggard finds that he has unwittingly also absorbed the subsequent "straight" passage containing the pill of instruction. Before he can re-establish

his inattention he is dazzled with more humour and wisdom, the process being continued as long as necessary.

Custom, however, demands a powerful curtain line, and many a pale author, his task all but finished, has sat far into the night racking his brain for the exact *bon mot* that will bring roof and curtain down together.

In the last resort he can always turn with confidence to that enduring character standby of Aristophanes and Shakespeare, the comic enemy. This performer, square-headed and walrus-necked or slit-eyed and toothy according to the setting, is both constant and reliable. In his most up-to-date form he tends towards red stars, red beard, and medals on both sides of his chest, but his timing is as faultless as ever. "Ho, ho," leers the Fantasian intelligence officer as the curtain begins to quiver, "these British [Canadians, Pakistanis] think we know damn nothing. But I tell you, we know *damn all*."

## Memorials of his Time

## The Spirit of the Age

By CLAUD COCKBURN

AT Oxford in the early 1920s it was possible to make a fairly good thing, in terms of prestige and being regarded as having the heart in the right place, by quite simply and merely being very pro-Hungarian. At the same period the street corners often rang to the voice of Mr. Frank Gray, Liberal M.P., doing the obligatory denunciation of the Treaty of Versailles. (He did, it is true, once tell me privately, with his engaging if fishy grin, that while yielding to no man in his admiration of Maynard Keynes, he—as owner of some licensed premises in the town—expected in any case to “roll to victory on a tide of whisky.”)

These facts show that, sadly little as it all seems basically to change, it isn't absolutely and exactly *la même chose*. By “it” I mean that attitude to life and politics in a given decade which you have to apologize for not having, if you don't.

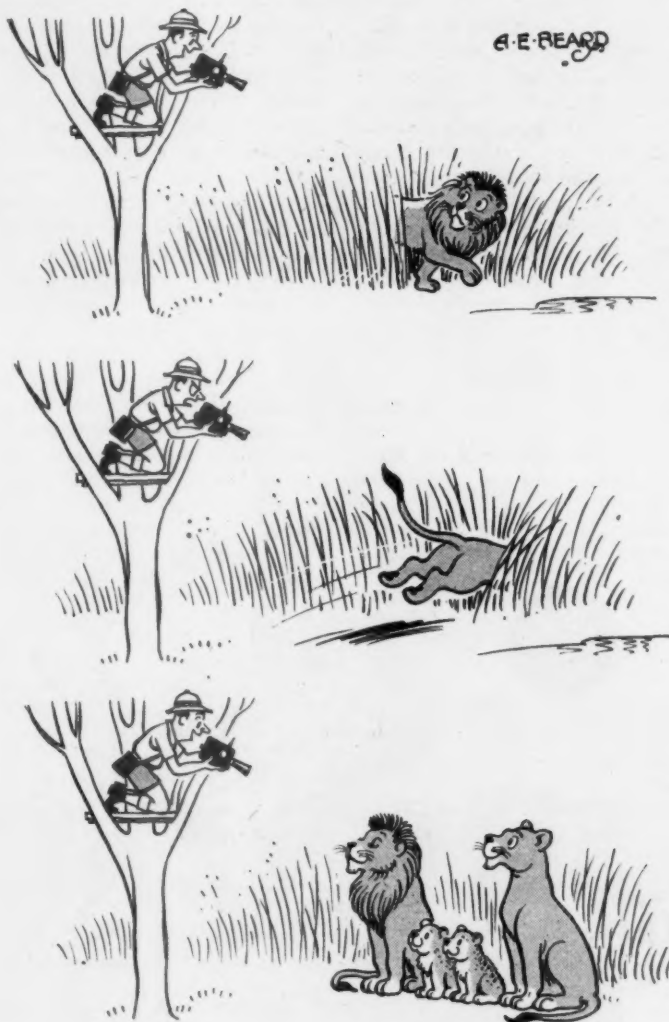
If in doubt at any time as to what this prevailing, approved attitude is, the way to find out is to follow some crook or political confidence trickster about and note what views he pretends to hold—and hold, of course, rather more fervently and knowledgeably than anyone else. I, for instance, never really appreciated the prevailing spirit of the 1930s fully, until one day there came into the offices of *The Week* a really beautiful girl, with bundles of money—she turned out to be some connection of the Boot family—who looked at the moment as though she were on her way to Ascot. A moment later this was confirmed. That is to say she had been on her way to Ascot, but at the last moment she had felt the need to do something more real, so she had left her escort flat and was here to say that she wanted to go to work for *The Week*—free, wageless.

Naturally some people said I was being played for a sucker—the girl must obviously be a spy. I thought it much more likely that she was the Spirit of the Age incarnate, and in any case I said that if we must have spies about, as we probably must, may God give us more like this one. She became known as the Gift of God.

She was no more a spy than my secretary, who was a rather similar type. Besides being beautiful she was a gay girl with a sweet nature. I did persuade her that, provided she did her job properly, there was nothing in the Rules of Progress that said she could not continue to go to smart race meetings and dance all night, but unfortunately even working for *The Week* did not fully exhaust her zeal for service, and the fact was soon detected by a young man who used sometimes to come to the office collecting funds for some progressive

organization or other. He seemed to have the proper credentials, but had a crook face. So crook, indeed, that even she hesitated when he got her aside and asked—in addition to the routine half-crown contribution—for a special donation of £10 or £20 “for a special purpose.”

Suspecting that I had counselled caution, he told her a little later that I was in reality a typically vacillating, weak-kneed bourgeois intellectual, whereas he—he subtly hinted—was even more than a mere progressive: he



was a genuine Red. In the end, of course, the Spirit of the Age won—such an appeal was irresistible. He got his £20 or whatever it was, and it was several weeks before the Gift was disillusioned by the news that he had been exposed by his organization as an embezzler and had fled to the United States, where he later did quite well in the advertising business.

(I dare say this has some bearing on the fact that so many people have referred to the overpowering charm of Guy Burgess—a man who, whatever his other qualities, had about as little charm as anyone I ever met.)

Soon afterwards the Gift married a man who had big estates—I forget what he raised on them—on Madeira or the Canary Islands. Still a glutton for punishment, she persuaded him that the thing to do was to turn the whole thing into a kind of collective, with Peasant Committees being asked their advice about everything. (There was no transfer of ownership, but apart from that the thing felt quite like a collective farm.) Mr. and Mrs. Gift felt very happy about it, and she, at any rate, hoped that gradually they would really distribute the land. Then Franco came. The leading peasants, hopelessly exposed as Reds, and pro-English into the bargain, were shot out of hand. The Gifts were deported, and returned to England, grieving and laden with guilt.

And, as I say, they really did have sweet natures.

Exceptionally disconcerting is it when you find you have inadvertently created

a tiny, limited little *Zeitgeist* of your own. When I left *The Times* in the 1930s I found to my extreme consternation in the course of the next few months that the event had put ideas into the heads of at least three other correspondents here and there, who were planning to do the same thing. I rushed about imploring them to do nothing of the sort. But that is a very embarrassing thing to do, because in effect you are saying "I'm fit enough for this sort of thing, old boy, but frankly you're not." At least two of them took it in this spirit, regarding my attitude as arrogant and insulting, and I lost their friendship for ever.

It may be true that nice women are on the whole more susceptible to the Spirit of the Age than men. During the war, when the Spirit was Austerity, Common Sacrifice and Equality, the former Alice Astor (inheritor of a fair slice of the Astor millions, and then married to an English Colonel) had a house called Hanover Lodge—one of those isolated mansions on the edge of Regent's Park. I believe it has since been converted into a community and cultural centre for Moslems in London. It was certainly a very big house.

Alice worked like a slave at every kind of war work she could find to lay her hand to, but all the time the house—the terribly unaustere size of it—gave her guilt. The Colonel, under the influence probably of the New Army, felt much the same way. For some reason which I have forgotten nobody wanted it for a hospital or anything of that kind, and

to those of us who enjoyed its amenities there seemed no good reason why they should not go on living there.

But the great place bothered them—it was out of keeping with everything that was going on.

There was a drive about a hundred yards long, or a bit longer, between the entrance gates and the house, and beside the entrance gates there was a little garage. This they converted, in the simplest possible fashion, into a cottage dwelling, and moved in.

Unfortunately, the place was so small that there was no room for a kitchen, and cooking continued to be done in the huge kitchens of the big house. There was a splendid Russian chef—a faithful relic, I think, of the period during which Alice was Princess Obolensky. He could cook anything provided it was sufficiently elaborate; simplicity made him sulky.

The move to the garage had been made early in winter, and the first night I dined after the change there was bitter wind and sleet. I had been grossly delayed in the black-out, and the party had started without me.

Thus it was that as I came through the front gates I was petrified by the sudden emergence out of the sleet and darkness, first of the butler, then of a succession of other servants, one carrying a great silver tureen, another some exotic Russian dish under its silver cover, a third a huge plate of something cold, all of them, their heads bowed against the weather, running as fast as their burdens would permit so that dinner would not spoil on the trek and they would not catch their deaths.

It was later represented to Alice that the butler was an elderly man and not up to the rigours of democracy, and I believe for a time at least the dining-room of the big house was used again, at any rate for formal dinner parties. It felt to Alice like some kind of retreat or defeat.

5 5

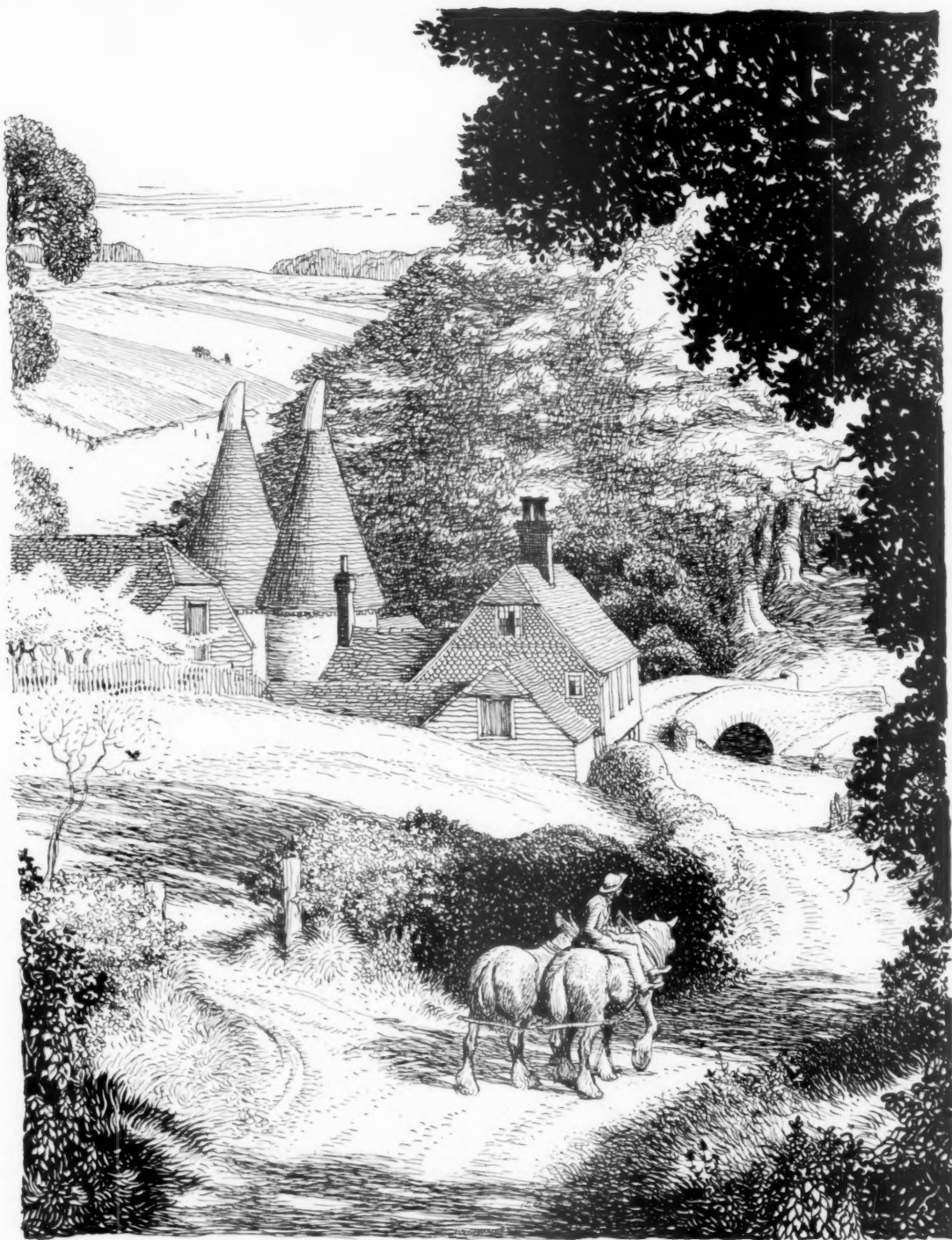
#### No Privacy

"He handed the brief case and the contents to a policeman.

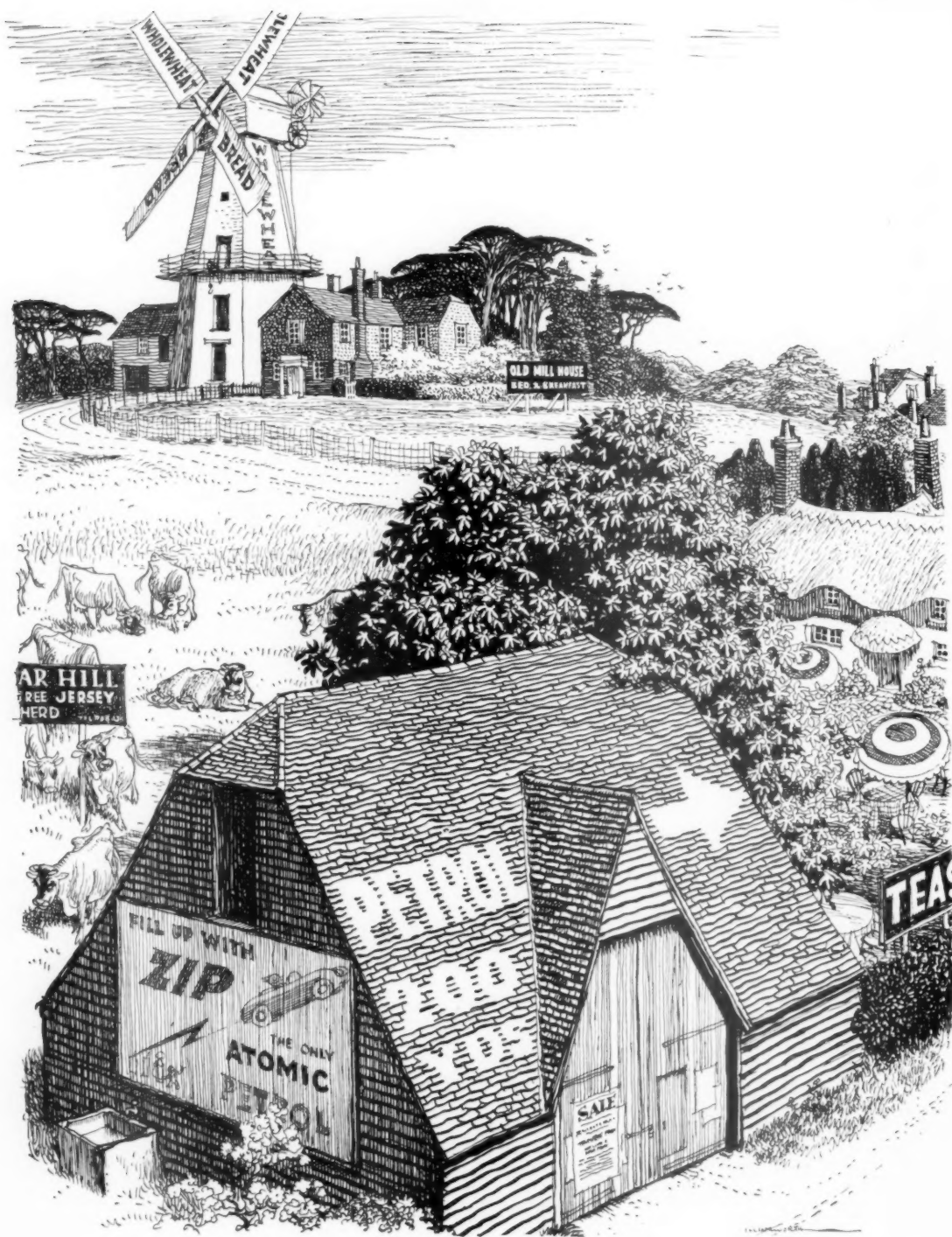
Using a line and hooks, he pulled it out and discovered inside pieces of motor car registration numbers. There were also other articles, including a WIDOW ON HOLIDAY."

Aberdeen Evening Express





*When you see this sort of picture of England in Springtime, you have to look carefully through the piece of fine prose underneath before you realize it is an advertisement for United Investment Trusts, Ltd., or somebody's beer. But there is less difficulty . . .*



...when you step out of doors and see England in Springtime itself.

## Specimen Passages

for use with the picture on page 405

Eleven years before his more familiar date of 1066 William "the Conqueror" visited England. It was probably on that occasion that he received a promise of the English Throne from his influential kinsman Edward the Confessor. Already he had proved his military qualities by assisting Henry I of France to quell a rising at Val-des-Dunes in 1047, and it was a tested warrior who landed at Pevensey to inaugurate his twenty-one-years' reign, during which he received oaths of allegiance from "all the land-sitting men that were in England." A shrewd and percipient monarch, even the Conqueror never suspected that one day his rolling English ploughlands would be honeycombed with Tompco Drainpipes, the key to modern agricultural irrigation.

TOMPCO PIPES, TILES, SANITARY WARE, London, S.E.19

Wherever  
the Sun Shines

Men who KNOW are wearing  
Yoothlift Appliances.

IT'S OBVIOUSLY  
ENGLISH!  
BUT IS IT  
WONGLISH?

E. J. Wonglish and Nephew  
"The Fertilizer People"

*The Listlessness of Miss Bennet*

"As the weather was fine, they had a pleasant walk of about half a mile across the park. Every park has its beauty and its prospects; and Elizabeth saw much to be pleased with, though she could not be in such raptures as Mr. Collins expected the scene to inspire . . ." (*Pride and Prejudice*)

Elizabeth Pennet, it seems to us, had forgotten her VEETOZONE. It dispels headaches, nausea, biliousness, and allows the full enjoyment of life. (4s. 9d., 3s. 6d. from all Chemists. See the name VEETOZONE.)

Lately the dawn's erstwhile dew-tears jewelled each blade and leaf; now Old Sol, genial with spring-tide bonhomie, has laughed them away. Now the landscape breathes through the lazy, azure afternoon. In time a branch will tremble and dance, its music the whisper of the evening zephyr. The sinking sun, trailing his cloak of dusk, will yield to night's all-embracing surtout, and leave the scene to darkness, to YOU, and the muffled thump of machinery. What more lovely spot for YOUR works, mill or greyhound stadium?

SOUTHERN FACTORY SITES LIMITED, Trulirural House, Piccadilly, W.

So green the trees, the air  
balmy as an angel's breath, springsome  
underfoot the verdant turf-land  
and birdsong sweet on the ear. Un-  
rivalled is the scenic  
heritage of English folk, and  
full appreciation is theirs  
who begin their hike, cycle-ride or motor  
trip with a feast of vitamin-  
packed "GRITS"  
the in-a-wink wheat-rich breakfast delicacy.

TREES ARE USEFUL

to shelter under.  
Grass makes hay. Hedges are rich in edible berries.  
The good earth yields her bounty in many forms.  
And as a spectacle alone the countryside is a healer  
and comforter. But for the practical man

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE TIN

The British Tin Council, Tin House, Aldwych, W.C.2

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said  
This is my own, my native land?"  
If so, it's probably because  
He fails to clean his gastric pores  
With "Hehhdrynk Saline" (Bostock Brand).

Devised by J. B. BOOTHROYD

AT LAST! IN EIGHT EASY PAGES



## SPACE FOR BEGINNERS

### LESSON 1: History

THE Universe began about four and a half billion years ago. This means that we shall have to get on in a series of short sharp sentences if we are to cover the ground in a thousand words. Gibbonian balance and periphrasis have no place in a history of this kind.

The above estimate of the age of the Universe is based on the so-called radioactive clock and is taken from a paper by Donald H. Menzel, Director of Harvard Observatory. A moment's reflection will tell us that Professor Menzel would be using the word "billion" in the American sense of a thousand millions, not a million millions, so that we can at once re-estimate the age of the Universe at only four thousand five hundred million years, or 4,495,500,000,000 years *less* than the number we first thought of. This represents a considerable saving of time. Our task already has been reduced to comparatively cosy limits.

Modern astrophysicists tend to agree that at about the time it began, or perhaps a little earlier, all the matter in the Universe was concentrated in a kind of lump which was nowhere in particular. All around it, of course, was empty space, which was probably very much older, but we cannot go into that now. The history of Space, as opposed to the matter in it, is unrelievedly dull and much too curved for beginners.

To get things started, the con-

centrated lump flew apart. Aggregations of gas and radiation sped off in all directions, cooled, and became the innumerable universes which now comprise the Universe. Then came a disappointment. Nothing much more happened. The history of the Universe practically ceases at the point at which it got itself sorted out. Now and again a star blew up, a satellite was captured here and there; but by and large the Universe just went on receding from itself with increasing velocity for millions and millions of years. A Table of Dates, giving events at intervals of say fifty million years, would consist of a monotonous series of entries reading "Everything that much older and that much further away," with an occasional "Moon cooled off 10 deg. F." to brighten it. Anything more detailed would be either Physics or Geology.

However, although in one sense space is somewhat short of history, in another it is full of it. This is because of the nature of light, which goes on and on at a finite speed. Far from being instantaneous, light is now much too slow to be a satisfactory means of communication between the different parts of the Universe. It takes this sluggish stuff about four thousand million years to reach us from the most distant objects we are able to photograph through telescopes; in other words, as those who are still attending will realize, we are seeing these objects not as they are now but as they were almost before they began.

Since we all started together in a lump, how can these distant objects have got so far away and still be sending back pictures of themselves as they began? Or, to put it another way, if the pictures we are getting now took so long to arrive, ought they not to be older than they look?

This is probably a foolish question. It must not be forgotten that there are in all probability still more distant objects, way out beyond the ones we can see, so many light-years away that if we *could* see them we should see them as they were before they existed. Happily, however, these outer objects are receding with the speed of light, so that their pictures cannot, as it were, get started. We are spared the embarrassment of observing them in a state of nonentity.

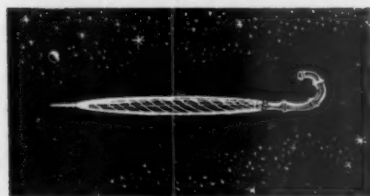
But what about the pictures of them *before* they reached the speed of light? Ought not these to be arriving at Mount Palomar observatory any time now?

No, no. The question shows a confusion of thought. They *have* arrived. They are the pictures we mistakenly referred to just now as those of the most distant objects we *can* see. As a matter of brute fact, they've gone.

It should be clear by this time that space is full of pictures of things as they used to be—in other words, of history. The images of everything that has ever happened travel eternally onwards and outwards. Seen from the Sun, the Earth appears as it was eight minutes ago. An observer on *Proxima Centauri*, the nearest star some four light-years

away, looking at this moment through a suitable telescope, might well see the Proclamation of Queen Elizabeth II from the steps of the Royal Exchange. Henry VIII, with his six satellites, is now about midway between *Kappa Orionis* and *Zeta Orionis*. Somewhere in the cold immensities of the constellation of Scorpio the battle of Agincourt is still being fought with undiminished fury. If some benign intelligence were to erect for our benefit a non-U mirror on *Gamma Andromedae* (150 light-years away) and equip us with patent double-million magnifying gas telescopes of hextra power, television would really come into its own. We should be able to watch the younger Pitt in person rolling up the— But stay. There is a flaw here. One cannot expect light, with the pictures it carries, to come back faster than it went. We should have to wait another hundred and fifty years before the mirror reflected anything at all. It is, at best, a long-term project.

Nevertheless it is a compelling, perhaps a rather chilling thought that whatever is done—whatever, at any rate, is done out of doors—is for ever imprinted on Space, a kind of undeveloped negative rippling outwards to the uttermost limits of the Universe. Out there in the void Gladstone still stumps the country on his Midlothian campaign; Xerxes, immensely further, endlessly flogs the Hellespont with chains; closer at hand, but doing the full hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, Chamberlain waves his deathless umbrella. It is nonsense to say that Space is empty. It is full to the



brim with History: history on the move, history in full colour, the history of the stars and of the earth, the actions of every man and woman that ever drew breath, from Neanderthal Man down to you and me.

This fact, if it does nothing else, should make us careful what we get up to when we step outside for a breath of fresh air.

H. F. ELLIS

## LESSON 2: Geography

### GENERAL

SPACE-cartographers labour under the handicap that space is finite but unbounded, a concept easier to express in words than in Mercator's projection. To make things more difficult still, space is also constantly expanding; some of the more distant galaxies are receding from the earth at speeds comparable with the speed of light. It may be, as has been suggested in the History Lesson, that there are even galaxies somewhere that actually are receding with the speed of light itself, but if so, we shall never know about them unless they throw messages out into space in bottles. Even then it seems likely that the messages would be in a language we did not understand.

If there are galaxies that are in fact exceeding the speed of light, they are liable to appear at the opposite side of space and begin to catch up with themselves. Fortunately they have a very long way to go. The problem for the maker of space-maps, however, is to decide which galaxies are actually approaching from one side of space, and which are the same galaxies retreating on the other side.

With so many galaxies mobile in finite space, it may be wondered how it is that the galaxies avoid running into one another. An ingenious answer has been given by Sir James Jeans. Jeans calculated that on an average any star should expect to pass dangerously close by another star once in every  $5 \times 10^{17}$  years. As none of the galaxies has yet existed for anything like that period of time, collisions have been reduced retrospectively to a very small figure.

### EXPLORATION OF SPACE

Exploration of our own solar system, about which a good deal is known, is not a difficult problem. It is only necessary to design a rocket-ship capable of attaining a velocity of seven miles a second; to invent a suit in which a man is comfortable in a complete vacuum with temperatures of  $270^{\circ}\text{F}$  on his face and  $-40^{\circ}\text{F}$  on his back simultaneously; to achieve immunity from cosmic rays; to devise a method of living under zero gravity; to learn how to avoid meteors, asteroids and incoming flying-saucers; and the job is done.

Similar methods will not serve for outer space. Sir George Thomson tells us that it is theoretically possible to attain half the speed of light if a mere eighty-third part of one's space-ship is payload and the rest fuel. We shall then be able to fly to *Proxima Centauri*. The return trip will take about seventeen years and three months, though on account of the strange behaviour of time at high speed the crew will only have been away fourteen years and seven months, and will thus be in the curious position of returning to earth two years and eight months before they actually do so. What is more, there is no guarantee that there will be anyone on *Proxima Centauri* when they get there.

More adventurous astronauts will propel their ships by warp drive. The principle of the warp drive is easily demonstrated by means of a simple analogy involving bookworms (the non-humanoid variety) eating their way through a sheet of paper, but space is unfortunately not available to go into it here. How to navigate when deprived of the familiar surroundings of our own space-time continuum is a problem that will be dealt with in the next section.

### NAVIGATION

Astronautics is a simple science as long as the stars maintain the same relative positions. There is no reason why a space-navigator should not set a course on a star and fly to Venus on it. Come to that, he could set a course on *Proxima Centauri* and fly to *Proxima Centauri* on it. But he would be well

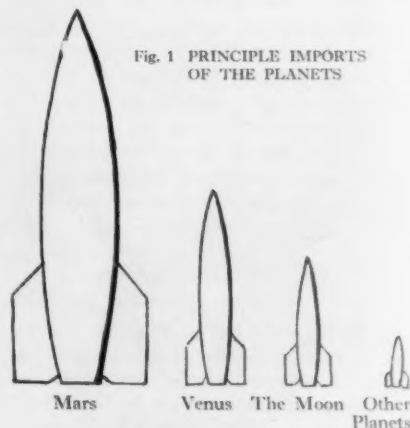


Fig. 1 PRINCIPLE IMPORTS OF THE PLANETS

advised to detail a member of his crew to keep an eye on our own Sun, for by the time he arrived the appearance of the heavens would have changed considerably and the constellations as such would have disintegrated. He should also pray fervently that the Sun will be visible at a distance of 4.3 light-years. If he thinks there will be any doubt about this he should include a powerful telescope as part of his equipment.

The problems of navigating under warp drive, which involves quitting our own space-time continuum and passing through another, are too complex to be discussed here.



Fig. 11 PRINCIPAL EXPORTS OF THE PLANETS

#### POLITICAL CONSIDERATIONS

It is not possible, in the present state of man's knowledge, to be dogmatic about the ownership of space, or the rights space-travellers may claim when travelling it. It is easy for the nations of a world to demarcate those parts of the sky above their territory as their own skies, and to lay down which aircraft may, or may not, fly through them. But every world is completely surrounded by space, and if an analogous procedure were followed every inhabited planet would necessarily claim the whole of space. No doubt when communication between worlds becomes easier spheres of influence will be laid down and interplanetary visitors warned not to violate the three-light-year limits of territorial space, under pain of being seized by spaceguards and fined; but the difficulties to be met before such a system can be inaugurated are considerable, and for many years yet we may be forced to witness the humiliating spectacle of flying saucers flying in and out of our territorial airs as they please without penalty.

#### THE SOLAR SYSTEM

The principal planets of the solar system are Pluto, Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Earth, Venus and Mercury. Only the Earth, Mars and Venus are known to be inhabited, though it should be mentioned that a

theory of inhabitants on the Moon, first put forward in fictional form by the British scientist Wells, has recently received unexpected confirmation in various quarters. A notion advanced by one observer after conversation with a flying-saucer pilot from Mars is that the inhabitants all live on the side remote from Earth. His explanation is that they are preparing some vast operation which they wish to keep secret; it seems at least equally likely, however, that it is the operations that they have observed in preparation on Earth that have driven them so resolutely to the distant hemisphere.

The Moon, being a mere quarter-million miles from the Earth, does not really count as space, however, and any further discussion must be reserved for another place.

#### MARS

By far the most widely-explored of the planets is Mars.

The earliest reports of Martian exploration are contained in a massive work by the American adventurer John Carter, which has been edited by Edgar Rice Burroughs and published in at least seven volumes by Methuen and Co. Carter, whose origins are mysterious but who hailed from Virginia, first visited Mars in 1866, and wrote his account of his adventures there in 1885-6. His highly-coloured style, and the fantastic nature of his report, have earned him the name of "the Sir John Mandeville of Mars."

Recent discoveries, however, have unexpectedly tended to confirm John Carter's stories. For example, a prominent double feature at Ismenii Luci (at the junction of the Djihoun and Protonilus Canals) is exactly in the position where Carter described the "twin cities" of Helium.

Later visits were made by C. S. Lewis, who has written a valuable account of the language and religious beliefs of the Martians, and by Jet Morgan, who found the place full of zombies, but with only one Martian

left. A scientific expedition led by Arthur C. Clarke on behalf of the British Interplanetary Society has also landed on the planet. Their main achievement was to set one of the moons on fire.

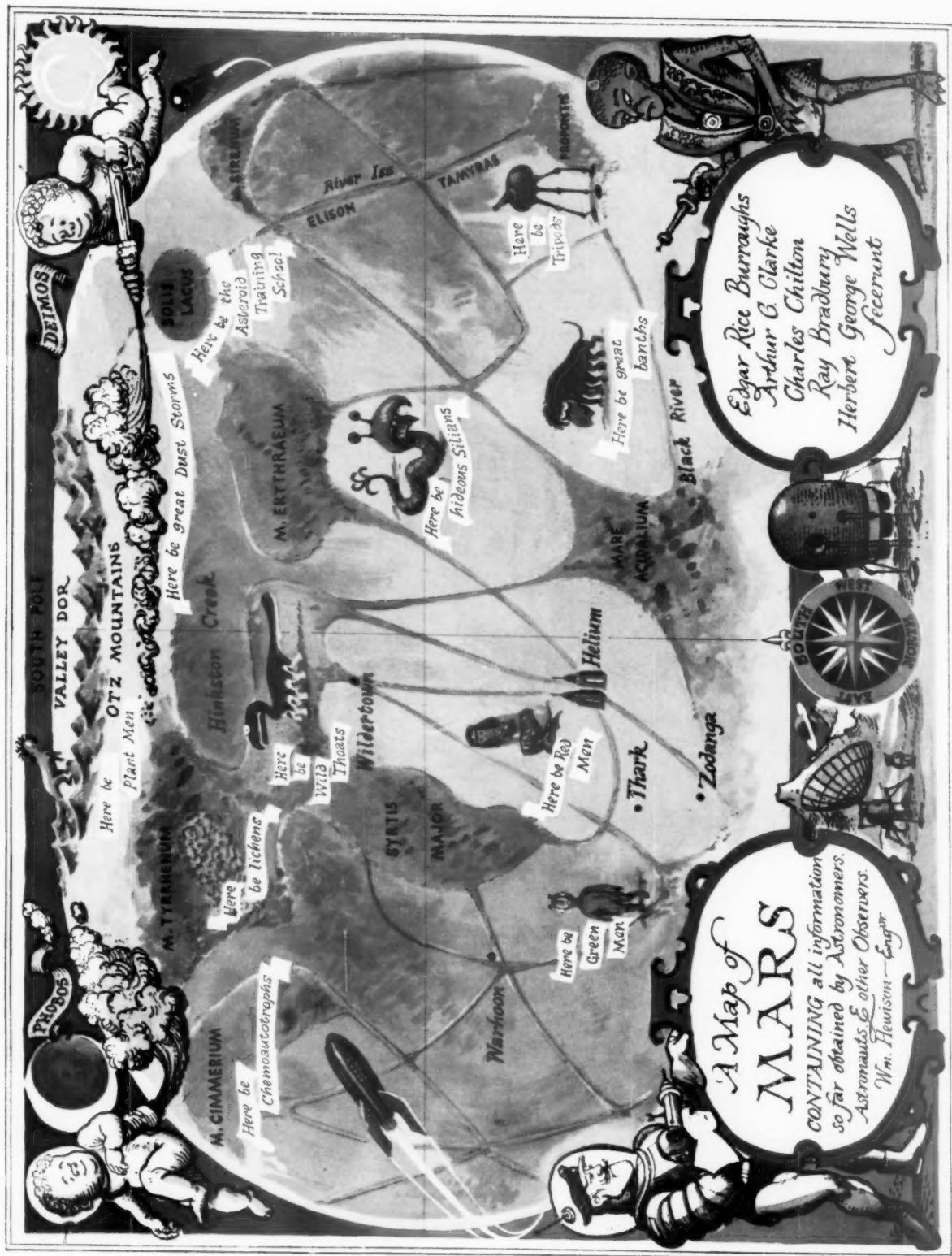
Mars, as can be seen with a telescope of quite moderate power, has the south pole at the top. The north pole lies correspondingly at the bottom, the east in the west and the west in the east. Oddly enough this arrangement is favoured by all the planets except Earth and Uranus. Uranus has an east pole and a west pole. But that is another story.

The climate of Mars is equable but cold; not so cold, however, as to discourage John Carter from wearing Martian dress at all times. This consists of jewelled trappings or harness during the day and fur rugs at night. Later Martian explorers, finding the thinness of the air unpleasant, stuck to their space-suits.

Little is known about Martian industry, though John Carter has given a fairly detailed description of the air factory near Zodanga. The manufacture of flying-machines and submarines is well developed, but automobiles have not yet made their appearance, possibly because there are no roads. Wireless and television are unknown. Agriculture seems on the whole to be neglected, though we know that there is a plant yielding milk (Carter) and one yielding air (Clarke), and that the plants observed by H. G. Wells during the Martian invasion earlier this century were red in colour.

#### VENUS

Venus is a very boring planet. It has been thoroughly described by C. S. Lewis, whose friend Ransom flew there in a coffin in the manner of the mediæval saints. According to his account, the greater part of the surface is covered with water; small flexible islands float on the surface of it, and on these dwell the inhabitants, who are forbidden, on religious grounds, to live on the comparatively small land masses known as the Fixed Lands. The sky is permanently covered in clouds and the general pattern of existence closely follows the events of the Garden of Eden, only with more introspection all round. There were only two humanoid inhabitants at the time of Ransom's





*Don't make a fuss, before take-off, about wanting to sit with your back to the engine.*



*As soon as the early effects of gravitation have worn off, see that your personal belongings are neatly stored.*



*Always make sure you are the same way up before addressing a lady.*

THE ETIQUETTE



*Don't go into the control cabin except by invitation. They may be busy.*



*If in doubt or difficulty, consult the Space Hostess.*



*Above all, avoid shipboard entanglements. The journey may last some time.*



FOR 11-PLUS CANDIDATES (See opposite page)

journey, one of each sex, and they were married, if so coarse a word can be employed of creatures so spiritual.

John Carter visited Venus as well as Mars and has left an account of it very different from Lewis's, but it is possible that he was not in a state of grace at the time of his observations. At any rate he agrees with Lewis about the cloud envelope, the existence of which is independently confirmed by Ray Bradbury, who draws the perfectly fair deduction that on Venus it is always raining. (Ransom appears to have been there during an unusually dry spell.) Yet another account has come from Maurice Baring, of all people; his description, based on three very brief visits by a man nearing a nervous breakdown, seems to tally to some extent with Lewis's. Baring's Venus contains enormous butterflies and an indefinable sense of dread, both of which would fit into Lewis's world very well.

A curious description of life on Venus was given by the French writer Maurice Leblanc. Leblanc's knowledge was based on a kind of long-distance

telepathic cinematography, and is not considered reliable. According to him the Venusians have three eyes and live in a vertical, instead of a horizontal, plane. This last observation is not borne out by any other Venerographer. A possible explanation is that the scenes he was shown were not taking place on Venus, as he supposed, but on Uranus, where the unusual arrangement of the poles might produce this effect. Other evidence, however, is conclusively against the existence of life on Uranus, any way up, and Leblanc's theories are now discounted.

None of these observers has anything to say about anything so mundane as principal rivers, mountain ranges, imports and exports or ethnographical distribution, and the Venusian who came thirty million miles in a flying saucer to speak to George Adamski had nothing to say about them either, or possibly found them too complex to discuss telepathically.

#### OTHER HABITABLE PLANETS

There are no other habitable planets.

B. A. YOUNG

### TEST PAPER

For 11-plus Candidates

Look carefully at the picture on the opposite page, and then say:

- Whether you would be inclined to trust the party advancing over the ridge at left?
- What action should be taken by the Ensa Concert Party (wind section) in right foreground?
- Who invented the ludicrous legs on which the rocket-ship, just arrived from Earth, is trying to support itself?
- Assuming the landscape to be Venusian in character, would you say the apparent diameter of the Earth is about right? (Rough working may be shown.)
- Assuming, on the other hand, that this is Mars, what has happened to this derelict canal? Nationalized?
- What *is* that thing Sir Mortimer Wheeler is trying to identify down there in the bottom left-hand corner?
- See if you can find (a) Mr. Dulles (b) Pandit Nehru, (c) any other fabulous characters likely to be nosing around doing good.
- Do you know of any reason why mountains in drawings of other planets should always be more spiky than ours?
- Could these be ventilating shafts for underground railways, would you say?
- Is this Tensing—and, if so, is he likely to be invited to join future expeditions financed by *The Times*?
- If all these odd Martians (or Venusians?) can live in this place, why—as usual—no animals or birds?
- Draw in a Venusian sparrow, with its eyes on stalks, just for the hell of it.

## LESSON 3: General

Memorize the following:

### The Moons of Saturn

Saturni: Phoebe Mimas Iapetusque  
Dione  
Enceladus Tethys Rhea Titan atque  
Hyperion.

### The Moons of Jupiter

Count of my dozen moons or so  
Callisto, Ganymede, Io,  
And add Europa to the score,  
It only leaves me eight\* moons more.

\*With Latin names too: V, VI, VII,  
VIII, IX, X and, last, XI.

### Heavenly Bodies

The path of a planet or satellite  
Is nearly circular but not quite.  
The figure the average comet trips is  
Either parabola or ellipsis.  
But that common object, the asteroid,  
Just blunders about the measureless  
void.

### Time

*Time past and present are both perhaps  
Present in future time.*

T. S. Eliot says so, chaps,  
In a solidly rhymeless rhyme.  
Neither the sentiment nor the pun  
Is, in time-travel circles, precisely  
Dunne.

### Further Research

Many stars in "—us" we find  
To the galaxy assigned.  
To memorize them do not fuss:  
They are too far away for us.

### Space-Shanty

*To be sung in Schools.*  
Farewell, Venusian maiden,  
From your pretty green arms I must  
go, must go,  
For with Pluto-bound cargo we're laden  
CHORUS:  
And  $E = mc^2$ , Yo ho!  
But carry this curl in your locket  
And I will come back to you, to you,  
In the same old rocket

CHORUS: And  $ds^2 = \sum_{\mu=1}^4 \sum_{\nu=1}^4 g_{\mu\nu} dx_{\mu} dx_{\nu}$

Yo ho!

### Exercise

Complete the following semi-quatrain:  
Sing a song of spaceships,  
A rocket full of  $\pi \dots$

PETER DICKINSON

# It's Hey! for the Open Road

By ALEX ATKINSON

IF you are not aware that the hounds of Spring, fresh from snapping at Winter's traces, are at this very moment yelping under your window, agog to tumble you about in some burgeoning glade or dew-splashed meadow, then it's high time you were. You'd better emerge at once, brother, and pack your egg sandwiches and your anti-gnat cream, because the wind on the heath will soon be no more than a zephyr (Fig. 1), and the quicker you get



Fig. 1

Front part of a zephyr

out there and swallow some of it, the less chance there'll be of that rucksack in the tool-shed rotting away altogether. Burn those wizened Chionodoxa bulbs: three years in a crumb-lined rucksack is too much for any Chionodoxa bulb anyway. And fish out those chintz shirts (Fig. 2)



Fig. 2

A suitable shirt

that you managed to pick up in the January sales because you were the only one who didn't have the sense to unfold them in the shop and find they had only two-inch sleeves and no tail. They are very suitable for the open road and



so is the beret you distempered the spare room in.

But what are garments and trappings? It's the *spirit* of the thing that counts. You can tramp the hills of Westmorland in pin-striped trousers and a brocade waistcoat for all I care, so long as you *tramp*. I want to hear your laugh ring out o'er beck and dingle, dale and fell. I want to see you trudge the highways and byways, breathing out the diesel fumes you've been feeding on these past long winter months (Fig. 3),



Fig. 3

A Diesel fume

and I don't care if you twist your ankle, lose your compass, eat strange bread, encounter wolves, fall among nettles, contract sunstroke, or go down with lumbago on a gritty hillside nine and a half miles from the nearest derelict tin-mine, so long as you *enjoy* yourself. In these days of jet-powered planes and atom-cooked hamburgers there is a tendency to overlook the humble pleasures of the happy wanderer: the succulent squeak of a firmly plucked bluebell; lumps of rust in your second pot of cider; the tangy smell of the migrant station-wagon; the friendly flies; and the cheerful, Wembley-like hubbub of the famous beauty spot. Come out and give that tendency the lie. Nobody's going to notice your knees, my friend: the air is sweet and your cough is nearly better—so it's hey for the open road!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENT'S

by Nature Man

*H. L. (Bermondsey)*—I have no information about ants singing. Where were you, and what did they sing? Grasshoppers rub their legs together, but I don't see how an ant could. Also their mouths are very small, and they do not appear to have larynxes. Do you mean they were stinging?

*"Birdwatcher" (Manchester)*—I cannot place this bird you mention. If the lower part of its leg was feathered, and its toes were not entirely joined by a large membrane, and it had two toes before and two behind, and its beak was crooked, then it seems to have been a parrot. On the other hand, if it had a place without feathers on each cheek, it must have been an ara—a new record for Rutland.

## THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY

### No. 96. Blisters

Blisters can be very painful, and sometimes occur on the feet, where they somewhat resemble neglected chilblains. They are irregular in shape, and are usually caused by walking. Best treatment is to prick them with a needle (make sure it is sterilized) and cover with boric lint coated with zinc and castor oil ointment. You will then find it hard to get your boots on, and will be eligible for a doctor's note. If you wish to harden one or both of your feet, stand in a solution of alum and water (warm) two or three times a week. Or you could try wearing two pairs of socks.

(Next week — No. 97. Tintern Abbey)

## Are You Ashamed of Your Snaps?

NO ramble, hike or expedition is complete until it has been recorded on film, and what better way to do this than with a camera? Here are a few hints that will help to lift your snaps out of the rut!

*Paraphernalia.* Flash-bulbs are cumbersome to carry, unless you are in a caravan. Try to reduce them to a minimum, and use only in emergency. Dashing a couple of them against a rock is a good way to frighten off rams. There is no need for a cloth to put over your head: these are used only by the

(continued on page 418)

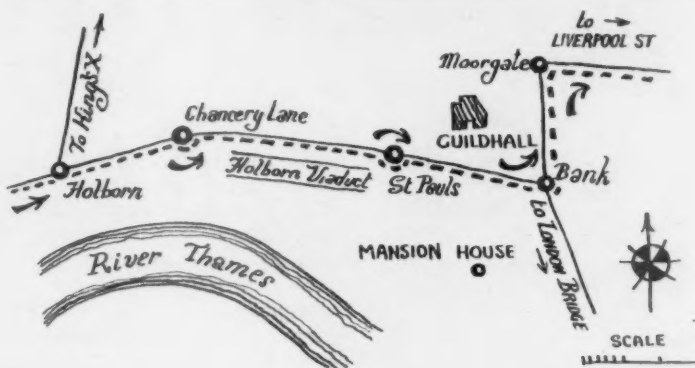


**Ramble Number 496**

By "REDWING"

This eleven-mile walk takes in the famous **Blackstone Prison**, as well as the granite memorial to Sir Wilfred Candle in Cinder Park, Old Mother Hogshead's Cottage, and the picturesque situated **tennis pavilion** of the South Lumm Social Centre and Sports Club, adjoining the reservoir at Tremble.

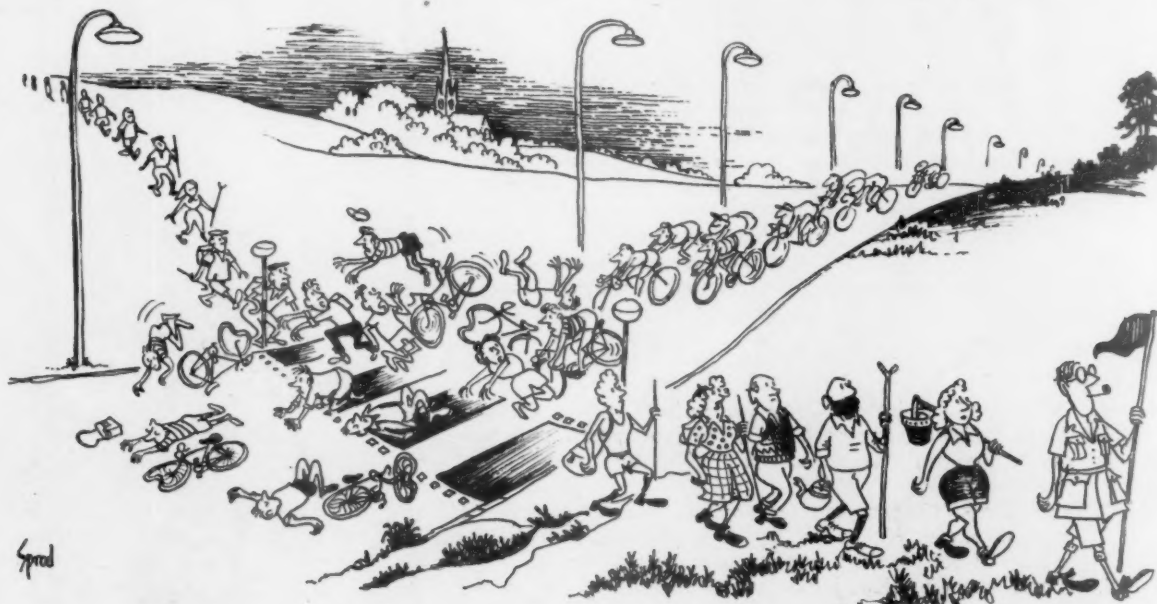
Starting from the Bayswater Road, take a bus to the Marble Arch (designed by John Nash as the main gateway to Buckingham Palace). Here join the Underground and proceed to Liverpool Street by way of Chancery Lane, Bank, etc., keeping the river on your right. From Liverpool St. take the steam train to Hollow End. Cross the footbridge, turn left at the Railway Arms, and take the **cobbled passage** which brings you out behind the bus-shelter in Northumberland Crescent. Turn right, skirting the wall of the Prison, and keep straight on across the car park of the Regina Cinema striking a cinder track at the eastern end. Turn left, across the bridge, on to the main Tremble road, with the reservoir on your right and the tannery of Messrs. Jno. Grindstone and Co., Ltd., on your left. At the **stile** (right) bear half-left, ignoring the fork, and (doubling



back on your tracks, as it were) turn sharp left at the front of the tennis pavilion, and so into Hangman's Copse. Follow the main track, keeping the wall of the sewage farm on your left, until you strike the Georgian ice-cream kiosk (closed one hour after sunset).

Bear right, along the south bank of the canal, passing Old Mother Hogshead's Cottage (now the canteen of Messrs. Cummings's glue factory), and so, after three and a quarter miles, into the rhododendron shrubbery behind the derelict Cat House in what used to be the Cinder Park Zoo. Twenty yards to your right, between Sir Wilfred Candle's statue and the cast-iron horse-trough,

a footpath leads to the recreation ground of Messrs. Thwaites Ltd., Diestampers. Turn left, avoiding the **swamp**, and make for the back of the nurses' hostel. Here, facing the jam works, there is a narrow lane which brings you out directly in front of the three-and-sixpenny entrance to the Rudder Greyhound Racing Stadium. (Note the clump of elderberry trees to the right of the hoardings.) Turn right down Pemberton Arcade. The **bus-stop** is directly opposite the Fish Market, and a fourpenny ride takes you to Goring Junction (frequent service to Muswell Hill). (Next week: *A Jaunt to Palmer's Green.*)



Remember, wheel always gives way to foot.



This is a litter basket . . .

(continued from page 416)

old man who does the views for railway carriages.

**Subjects.** As a general rule, choose subjects that are not running about, such as churches, oak trees, or friends trying to light a spirit stove. If you care to combine business with pleasure, most Sunday papers are keen to buy photos of any of the following subjects: lambs, with two or more feet off the ground; young women sitting on haystacks in their underwear; horses in panama hats; and dogs wearing spectacles or smoking pipes. These do not abound, but are worth looking out for.

**Backgrounds.** If you are taking a group the background doesn't matter, because by the time you've jammed everybody together with plastic cups of lemonade in their hands you won't be able to see past them anyway, unless they're sitting down. If they're sitting down, keep them all up at the top of the picture so that the background doesn't show. The only trouble here is that you're likely to finish up with too much foreground. (See *Foregrounds*.)

**Foregrounds.** If you have too much foreground, cut half an inch or so off the bottom of the snap.

**Getting the Feet In.** This is well-nigh impossible, unless you miss the heads out, which does not make for a well-balanced composition. If you really want both feet and heads in you'll have to walk so far backwards that when the thing is developed all you'll get will be some anonymous-looking midgets on the skyline.

**Exposures.** If you are a beginner, use the following chart:

f.	f.	secs.	secs.	secs.	m.s.
—	—	$\frac{1}{500}$	$\frac{1}{400}$	$\frac{1}{300}$	0.1
—	5.7	$\frac{1}{800}$	$\frac{1}{600}$	$\frac{1}{500}$	0.3
5.7	8	$\frac{1}{1000}$	$\frac{1}{800}$	$\frac{1}{700}$	0.4

\*Not Sundays

### Some Useful Phrases

1. "Just look how red my arms are getting!"
2. "Good afternoon. Could you possibly lend us a hammer? My wife's heel keeps coming off."
3. "Do not stand under that tree, in case you are struck."
4. "These tomato ones have gone a bit soggy."
5. "If the mist comes down now they will never find us."
6. "I would not drink any. Cores are standing in it, and I think they are upstream."
7. "It will not bite us, it is wagging its tail."
8. "No, we do not know if there will be another bus to-night. Can you understand this time-table?"
9. "Good afternoon. My father has fallen down a gorge, and I wish to borrow a rope."
10. "It is not quite so heavy now, but more clouds are coming."
11. "Lean on me."
12. "You should not have worn that red jumper."

## HOW TO FILL YOUR LUNGS

BY A STUDENT OF BREATHING

Choose an open space, not overlooked by houses. Stand as straight as you can without hurting yourself, and suck air in through the nose, clenching your teeth to keep your mouth shut. Do not let the air go all the way down: brace yourself so that it stays above the waist-line. Your chest should then bulge outwards, instead of your stomach. Ignore any small cracking sounds among your ribs. Now do nothing at all for a count of six. (Have your feet planted firmly on the ground, or you may tend to fall over at this point.) Next blow air out through your mouth, and keep blowing until you feel light-headed. Your lungs should now be empty. Keep repeating the whole process until a feeling of nausea sets in. You are now breathing. Make a note to do it again on the last day of your summer holidays.

### Technical Notes:

1. It is essential to breathe out as well as in.
2. Air is a mixture of argon, helium, nitrogen, water-vapour, neon, oxygen, krypton, ammonia, carbon dioxide, xenon, sulphuric acid and dust.
3. You have hair in your nose to trap any bits of krypton, helium, neon, coke, etc. Unless you happen to have hairs in your mouth as well, do not breathe through it.
4. People who can blow smoke out through their ears are only pulling your leg.



. . . this isn't.



*It would be nice if the 'Tatler' (195-8 Strand, W.C.2) . . .*



*and 'Sport & Country' (195-8 Strand, W.C.2) . . .*



*were to amalgamate . . .*



*even more closely.*

# The Go-between

By ALBERTO MORAVIA

AS we were going up the great staircase of the palace, Antonio, the butler, warned me: "Don't imagine you'll get much out of the Princess, she's so mean you wouldn't believe it . . . Ever since her husband died she wants to have a finger in everything, and she won't leave anyone in peace."

"But why? Is she old?" I asked casually.

"Old? Her? No, she's young and beautiful. She can't be more than twenty-five or so. To look at her you'd think she was an angel. But appearances are deceptive."

"Well," I replied, "she can look like a devil for all I care. All I want is the money that's due to me . . . I'm a house agent, the Princess has an apartment to sell, I sell it for her, I take my commission and that's that."

"Ah, it's not as simple as that. She'll make you sweat blood. Now wait while I go and tell her you're here."

He left me in the anteroom and went to find the Princess, whom he called "Excellency," as though she were a man. I waited for some time in the icy anteroom, typical of an ancient palace, with its tapestry-hung walls and frescoed ceiling. At last Antonio came and told me that Her Excellency was ready for me. We went through a suite of reception rooms and then, in a room larger than the others, I saw, in a window embrasure, a desk and the Princess herself sitting writing. Antonio went over to her, respectfully, and said: "Here is Signor Proietti, Excellency." Without raising her eyes, she answered: "Come in, Proietti." As I came close to her I was able to examine her at leisure and was at once forced to admit that Antonio had not exaggerated when he compared her to an angel. She had a pure, pale, delicate, sweet face, with black hair and long black eyelashes that shadowed her cheeks. Her nose, slightly turned up, was slender and transparent, as though accustomed to smelling nothing but scent. Her mouth was small, the upper lip bigger than the lower, like a rose. I lowered my glance to her figure: she was dressed in black, with a close-fitting jacket; broad in the hips and bosom, she

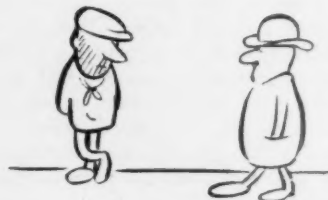
had a wasp waist, so small that you could have put your two hands round it. She was writing; and I noticed that her hand was white, thin and elegant, with a diamond ring on the forefinger. Then she looked up at me and I saw that her eyes were extremely beautiful—enormous, dark, at the same time both velvety and liquid. "Well, then, Proietti," she said, "shall we go and look at the apartment?"

She had a soft, caressing voice. "Yes, Princess," I stammered.

"Come then, Proietti, this way," she said, taking up a big iron key.

We went back through the same series of reception rooms, and in the anteroom she said to Antonio, as he moved forward to open the door for her: "Antonio, tell the people who look after the heating not to put on any more coal. The heat in here is stifling"; and I was astonished, because the anteroom was icy and so were all the other rooms. We started off up the main staircase, she in front and I behind, and as she walked ahead I could see that her figure, too, was very beautiful—tall and slim, with straight legs; and the black dress emphasized the whiteness of her neck and hands. We went up two flights of the main staircase and then two more flights of a back staircase, and finally, at the far end of a garret, reached the iron corkscrew stairs that led up to the apartment. She clambered up this little staircase and I followed behind, lowering my eyes because I knew I could have looked at her legs and I did not wish to do so, and already I respected her as one respects a woman one loves. We came into the apartment, which consisted, as I saw at once, of two big rooms with brick-paved floors and windows with fixed shutters open only at the top, right under the ceiling, so that you could see nothing but the sky. A third, smaller room, circular in shape, had been devised inside a belvedere tower, and gave, through a french window, on to a balcony with a railing which hung over a wide expanse of brown-tiled roof. She opened the french window and went out on to the balcony, saying "Come, Proietti, come and see what a view there is." And indeed there was a fine panorama: from that balcony you

could see the whole of Rome, with its endless roofs and domes and towers. It was a clear day, and, far away against the blue sky, between one roof and another, you could see the great dome of St. Peter's. I looked idly at the view, but in truth I hardly saw it and thought only of her, as though she were something that preoccupied me and that I could not forget. She, in the meantime, had gone in again; and I swung round



and asked her, automatically, "How about the conveniences?"

"You'd like to see the bathroom? Here it is." And she went to a small door that I had not noticed and showed me a little low, square, windowless room which she had converted into a bathroom. I was able to see at a glance that the fittings were of a cheap kind, the sort of thing you see in a working-class house. She closed the bathroom door again and, stopping in the middle of the big room, her hands in her jacket pockets, asked me "Well, Proietti, how much d'you think we can ask?"

I was so much preoccupied with her beauty and with the disturbing fact of finding myself alone with her in this garret, that for a moment, as I stood looking at her, I made no answer. Perhaps she understood what was passing through my head, for, tapping the floor with a small, nervous foot, she added "May I ask what you are thinking about?"

I said hastily "I was calculating. There are three rooms, but no lift, and whoever buys it will have to do it up. I suggest three and a half million lire."

"But, Proietti," she immediately exclaimed, raising her voice, "Proietti, I intended to ask seven million!"

To tell the truth, for a moment I was stupefied. This combination of beauty and spurious business acumen was disconcerting. Finally I stammered "Princess, at seven million no one will take it."

"But this isn't the Parioli district," she replied. "This is an historic palace. This is the centre of Rome."

Well, we discussed the matter for some time, she standing in the middle of the room and I at a safe distance from her, so as not to be led into temptation. I talked and talked, but in reality I was only thinking about *her* and—since it was all I could do—I devoured her with my eyes. In the end she allowed herself, very unwillingly, to

be convinced that four million was all she could ask, though this was already a high price. As a matter of fact, allowing a million lire for the necessary work to be done, and adding on taxes and other things, the apartment would ultimately cost the buyer almost six million. I already had a possible client, so I told her the matter could be considered settled, and left the house.

Next day I presented myself at the palace with a young architect who was looking for just such an unusual and picturesque place. The Princess took her key and showed us over the apartment. The architect argued a little about the price but in the end agreed to the sum already fixed—four million lire.

Early the following morning, however—it wasn't even eight o'clock—my wife came and woke me up, telling me that the Princess was on the telephone. I was so sleepy I could hardly see; but her voice, her sweet, delicate voice, seemed to me like music as she spoke. I listened to this music in my pyjamas, standing bare-footed on the floor, while my wife knelt down to put my slippers on my feet, and then threw an overcoat over my shoulders. I understood little or nothing of what the Princess was saying, but, amongst her flood of words, two, all of a sudden, struck me: "five million."

I said at once "Princess, we've pledged ourselves for four million. We can't go back on that."

"In business there's no such thing as a pledge. It's five million or nothing."

"But, Princess, he'll back out of it."

"Don't be a damned fool, Proietti. Five million or nothing."

To tell the truth, the words "damned fool," when pronounced by that voice, did not seem to me either vulgar or insulting but almost a compliment. I said I would do as she wished, and immediately afterwards telephoned my client and told him the new figure. I heard him exclaim at once, at the other

end of the wire, "Are you people having a joke? Putting the price up by a million in one day!"

"I can't help it; those are my orders."

"Well, I'll see. I'll think about it."

"Then you'll let me know?"

"Yes, I'll think about it, I'll see."

That, naturally, was the last of *him*.

And then began what was, so to speak, the most intimate period of my relations with the Princess. She telephoned me on an average three times a day, and each time my wife called out ironically "It's the usual princess" I was as excited as if it had been a telephone call between lovers. Far from it. She loved money to an extent that was hardly believable; she was mercenary, mean, pig-headed, cunning—worse than a usurer. It must be confessed that she had a money-box in place of a heart: she saw nothing and she thought of nothing but money. Every day now, on the telephone, she invented some new pretext for raising the price, even if it was only by a trifle of five or ten thousand lire. One day it would be the bathroom, in order to recompense herself for plumbing expenses, next day it would be the view, another day the fact that the bus stopped right in front of the main door of the palace, and so on. But I held fast to the figure of five million, which was already enormous; so much so that as soon as possible buyers heard of it, they vanished and were never seen again. At last, by a lucky chance, I found her someone who really fell in love with the place—a business man from Milan who wanted to put a girl friend of his into it. He was a curt, practical man who knew the market and the value of money: a middle-aged man, tall, with a long, brown face and a mouth full of gold teeth. He came to see the apartment, examined everything carefully and then said to the Princess, without much ceremony, "It's nothing but a mouse's nest, and in Milan we'd put in water and use it



as a laundry. If it's worth five million, I'm a Dutchman. By the time I've done the necessary alterations, renewing the floors and the fixtures and so on, putting in windows, getting rid of this cheap stuff"—and he pointed to the porcelain fittings in the bathroom—"it will cost me seven or eight millions. Never mind. It's the law of supply and demand. You've met the one person who really wants this apartment, so you're quite right."

But he did wrong to talk in this frank, brutal, businesslike way. For as soon as he had gone she said to me sorrowfully: "Proietti, we've made an enormous mistake."

"What?"

"In asking only five million. That man would have paid seven."

"Princess," I answered, "I'm afraid you didn't quite understand his type: he's a man who's full of money, it's true, and he's very fond of his mistress, I don't doubt; but he'll never give more than that."

"You don't know what a man cannot do for a woman he loves," said she, looking at me with those wonderfully beautiful eyes in which there was nothing at all except greed and money. I became confused and replied "It may be so; but I'm sure I'm right."

Well, next day the Milanese business man presented himself at the palace with a lawyer, and the Princess, as soon as we were seated, said at once "Signor Casiraghi, I'm sorry, but on thinking it over I cannot accept the figure I mentioned yesterday."

"How d'you mean?"

"I mean that I want six million."

You should have seen Casiraghi. With great simplicity he rose to his feet and said "Princess, my most sincere and respectful greetings!" Then he bowed and went out. As soon as he had disappeared I said "Well, you see? Who was right?"

But she was not in the least



"But they wouldn't show commercials during the actual play—only while the bowler's going back to his mark."

disconcerted. "Don't worry," she said, "we shall find a buyer all right, even at six million."

I wanted to tell her to go to the devil, but alas, I was properly in love. Perhaps it was just because I was in love that I did not notice the strangeness of the buyer whom I found for her, at five and a half millions, a few days later. The figure, high as it was, failed to make him gasp. He was a country gentleman, a big, tall young man who looked like a bear, by name Pandolfi. I took a dislike to him at once, as though I felt a presentiment about him. When I took him to see the Princess I realized at once why it was that he had made no protest at the price. To begin with, they had, it seemed, a whole lot of friends in common. And further, he looked at her in a kind of way that left no possible doubts. We made our usual

examination of the three rooms and the bathroom, and then she opened the french window and went out with him on to the balcony to show him the view. I stayed inside the room and so was able to observe them. They were both resting their hands on the railing; and then I saw his hand approach hers as though by chance and place itself on top of it, covering it completely. I started counting, slowly, and reached twenty. Twenty seconds of stroking—it doesn't sound much, but try counting them! At twenty, with perfect naturalness she disengaged her hand and came back into the room. He—to put it briefly—said that the apartment suited him, and went away. We were left alone and she, quite shamelessly, said "You see, Proietti? Five and a half million . . . but we'll raise it yet."

Next morning I went back and found



—Brookbank

her awaiting me, as usual, at her desk in the drawing-room. She said to me briskly "D'you know what I discovered yesterday, Proietti, while I was looking at the view with that client of yours?"

"That he's in love with you," I should have liked to reply; but I restrained myself. "I discovered," she went on, "that in one corner you can see quite a good piece of the Borghese Gardens. Proietti, we must strike while the iron is hot . . . To-day we'll ask Signor Pandolfi to make it six and a half millions."

You see? She knew Pandolfi was in love with her, and was ready to speculate on it. She was now making him pay a round million for those twenty seconds that he had held her hand—fifty thousand lire a second. What an appetite! But this time I realized that she would get her price, and suddenly I was filled with rage and jealousy and disgust all at the same time. Hitherto I had been the go-between in a matter

of business; but now she was forcing me to become the go-between in a love intrigue. Before I was fully aware of what I was saying I burst out violently "Princess, I'm a house-agent, not a pimp," and, red in the face, ran out of the room. I heard her say, in a tone that was not in the least offended: "But Proietti, what's the matter with you?" And that was the last time I ever heard that sweet voice.

Some months afterwards I ran into Antonio, the butler, and asked him "And how's the Princess?"

"She's getting married."

"Who to? I bet she's marrying that man Pandolfi who bought the apartment in the attic."

"Pandolfi indeed! She's marrying a prince from South Italy, an old stick who might be her grandfather . . . but he's rich; she says he owns half Calabria . . . Like attracts like, you know."

"Is she still beautiful?"

"An angel."

## The Coral Pool

IT was a sea-horse who addressed her darling,

Perched on the coral branches of a pool

Where light reflected back from violet moss

And fishes veered above in a tight school:

"Daughter, no sea is deep enough for drowning;

Therefore let none seem broad enough for you,

My foal, my fledgeling bird, my dragon-imp,

Or understand a tithe of what you do.

To wanton fish never divulge your secret,

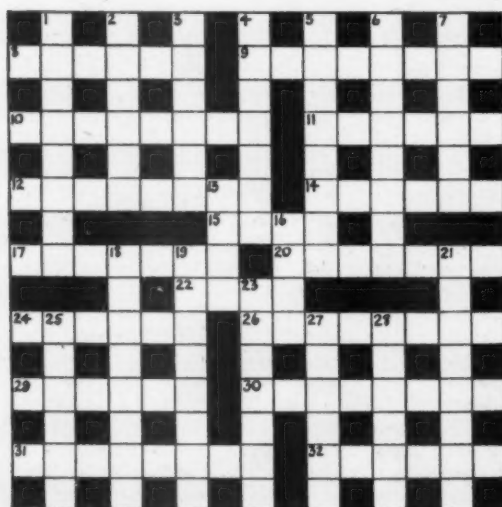
But only to our mistress of the tides  
Whose handy-folk are octopus and crab,  
At whose white heel the amorous turtle glides."

ROBERT GRAVES

## Spring Crossword

### ACROSS

8. Present time and time to be in England. (6)
9. One of the troupe that led Wordsworth a dance. (8)
10. Pretty? Only in 8. (8)
11. Steven goes wrong at the races. (6)
12. At 7 when year's at 8. (8)



Solution next week

14. Summer is in after 8. (6)
15. One of those 20. (4)
17. Her, east? Quite wrong; flourishes in the north country. (3, 4)
20. Aga goes haywire; not now, in the remote past. (4, 3)
22. Not a good thing to cast, before or after May is out. (4)
24. Far from a primrose path, and no place for dalliance. (6)
26. Fairy and fish form part of a flower. (8)
29. This form of transport seems 20 now. (6)
30. Enough to make Anne dull when her marriage was. (8)
31. Lively as rip-tides in turbulence. (8)
32. These kinds of Daisy give you the answer, as requested in song. (6)

### DOWN

1. Summer fruits, a tropic's product. (8)
2. Pure as 8 or 6. (6)
3. The airgun has been broken by a Magyar, Ostyak, or Vogul. (6)
4. When poetry joins publicity, in brief, the result is unfavourable. (7)
5. Vicar's Easter egg. (8)
6. Their gathering is a matter of urgency, next month perhaps. (8)
7. The singer's way through the tulips. (6)
13. Show a leg Highlander. (4)
16. In the heart of the Lorna Doone country. (4)
18. Poetic, when golden. (8)
19. Teatime's not fixed—that's the value of it. (8)
21. 8 is his busiest time. (8)
23. Downs, oddly. (7)
25. Hikers have second thoughts on the tram. (6)
27. Royal one is the 19 of a peck of March dust. (6)
28. The cellar is in no fit state for a visitor. (6)

## In the



## City

### Read All About It

**T**HIS is certainly not the ideal moment to remind *nouveau-riche* employees of their opportunities as investors. The element of risk in stockholding has been floodlighted by the events of the last six months, and thousands of new capitalists have burned their fingers. All the same there is much to be said in support of Sir John Braithwaite's recent plea for clearer and more attractive company reports and accounts, for simplification and uniformity in the "terms and phrases in which we discuss the economics and the accountancy of our national and business affairs."

In the gloomy days after the war joint stock investment became increasingly institutional in character. Depressed markets and Daltonian grindings of the faces of the middle class discouraged private investors and threatened to convert the Stock Exchange into a repository for the funds of collective institutions—the insurance companies, industrial pension pools, and so on. But since 1950 the little man has reappeared in force (as the registers of Metal Box, I.C.I., Unilever and other companies demonstrate), and now the chairman of the Stock Exchange is hopeful that the number of private owners of industry can be "at least doubled." "These new owners," he has said, "will almost of necessity be small investors, coming mainly from the employee classes, who now have an ability to save that they never possessed before, if they can be turned and attracted to investment in industry."

There is obviously much room for improvement in the presentation of financial statements. Consider the "annual report," that remarkable document intended for the enlightenment and encouragement of shareholders and would-be investors. It consists of a mass of figures incomprehensible to

everyone lacking a training in accountancy. It can often be read through without yielding any clue to the nature of the company's business, its products or the location of its premises. It employs terms like "profit" and "reserves" which have no specific, standardized connotation. It bewilders, frustrates, annoys, and ends up, where it belongs, in the waste-paper basket.

Let me hasten to add, however, that there are glorious exceptions to this general pattern of financial obscurantism—reports that are bright, crystal clear, informative and helpful.

Now consider the chairman's speech. It usually appears as dark slabs of type in the remoter stretches of responsible newspapers and magazines. It consists of words of wisdom sandwiched between conventional perorations on rising costs, the iniquities of taxation, increasing competition, labour difficulties and loyalties, and a circumlocutory summary of the accountants' and directors' findings. It is seldom readable. It is dull.

## In the



## Country

### A Break in the Monotony

**B**OTH cultivations and crops have become so uniform over England that it is difficult to tell which county you are in. A glance through a carriage window reveals the same pattern in Shropshire as in Cornwall. It would seem that only three crops are being grown nowadays: kale, spuds or corn; and it does not matter what part of the country you are travelling through, you will notice the same make of machinery performing similar cultivations wherever you go. Our fields are still divided, but the country has become one farm which is nearly as efficient and very nearly as monotonous as a factory.

Our villages are still a trifle more distinct, though uniformity creeps and conformity spreads. Yet for all that, I suspect that the true character of the place remains unchanged, and it is only superficially that these places abandon

Is it any wonder that thousands of hopeful investors are turned away, that so few shareholders turn up at annual meetings, that labour is made suspicious by so much closed-shop jargon? The more progressive companies convert their financial announcements into interesting "magazine articles," decorate them with simplified statistical graphs, drawings and photographs, and by so doing win new support from investors, customers and employees. Hawker Siddeley and the Rank Organisation are typical of this enlightened group.

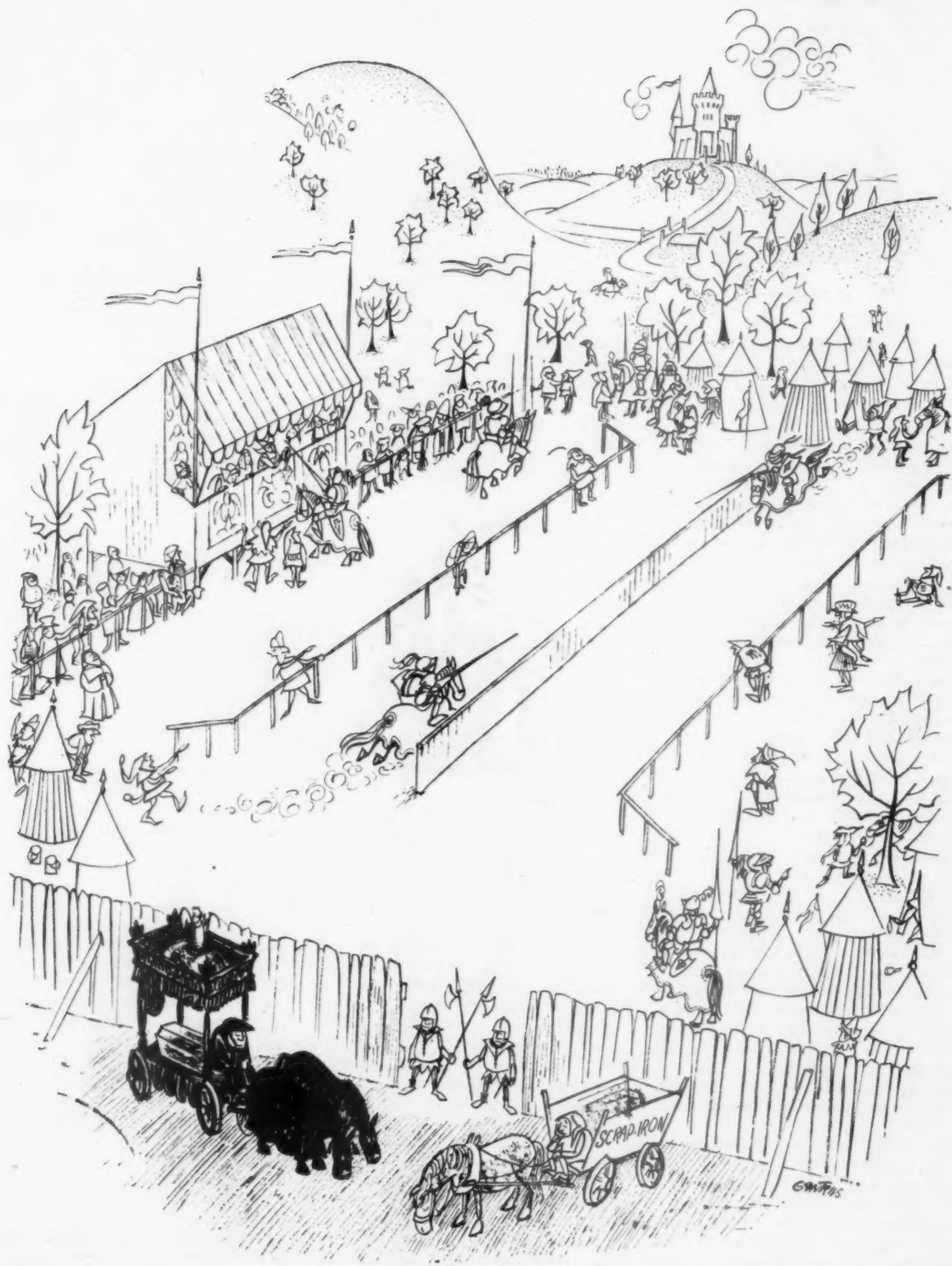
Traditionalists maintain that dignity should be the sole consideration in the presentation of accounts. But how does one appear dignified if one is ignored? Nobody wants to see financial news mauled and cheapened by the tactics of the Tabloid Press. There need be no loss of dignity when, as Sir John says, joint stock enterprise decides that it can no longer afford to be taken for granted.

MAMMON

their infinite variety. Take my own village for instance. I admit that all the new council houses in Elms Road look precisely the same. But that need not depress you once you know the inmates.

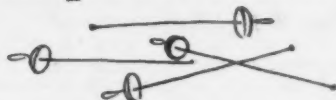
Mrs. Beasley at No. 1 is the least eccentric—her only excess is the small wooden hut in her garden. You would think it was a hen house, but, as everybody in the district knows, it is where the widow keeps her tea. She buys ten packets every week and stores them there in case Messrs. Khrushchev or Bulganin should "try any capers, and catch her caddy short as Hitler did." Then at No. 2 there is a retired railway worker, living soberly with his two widowed sisters—at any rate, he says they're his sisters. No. 3 appears a model household, with a happy couple and four children—the husband is an ideal father, considering he isn't one. As for No. 4, here we have the backbone of England: the man is a hardworking farm labourer and his wife a pillar of the Women's Institute; they have everything between them (including two children under four) excluding conversation. They haven't spoken a word since the day she left the greenhouse door open and the frost spoilt his tomato plants, five years ago. And so one could go on up Elm Street. Our survey would prove that the English village is still a happy bastion of abnormality in spite of the uniform X or H above each roof-top.

RONALD DUNCAN





## CRITICISM



### BOOKING OFFICE

#### Affairs of Honour

(from Chekov to Scott Fitzgerald)

**D**UELLING seems to have died out of fiction nowadays, though there was a happy period not so long ago when the Field of Honour figured prominently in the novel, and when long-short stories of over one hundred pages (which would now be published separately at nine-and-six a time) could be written around the subject of one duel alone. Both Chekov and Conrad did this.\*

The Chekovian duel took place about five miles outside a Caucasian seaside resort, at the junction of the Black and Yellow rivers, where a picnic had previously been held and the characters concerned had eaten fish soup cooked on the spot (there were no restaurants in the neighbouring town). The motivation was mutual dislike, eventually turning to hatred between Von Koren, a severe, cold, scientific type who had "come for the summer to the Black Sea to study the embryology of the medusa," and Laevsky, the ineffectual Government clerk, who taught the local residents (previously practically teetotal) to "distinguish Kospelov's vodka from Smirnov's No. 21, blind-fold."

Despite the violent storm that breaks on the night before, both the contestants believe that the "duel will end in nothing," and we, knowing that their creator is Chekov, begin to fear the same; but meanwhile Laevsky discovers his mistress in the arms of the Police Captain, who has been blackmailing her, and consequently is in no condition to fight: his shot misses, and Von Koren prepares calmly to kill him, when a shout from a young deacon (who had concealed himself near by, partly with a view to intervening, partly in order to write a comic account of the duel)

disturbs his aim also, the bullet merely bruising the right side of his enemy's neck instead of scoring a direct hit. Neither contestant is punished (though the normal penalty is "a maximum of three years' imprisonment in the fortress"), and Laevsky thereafter suffers a complete change of heart, marries the mistress (whom he'd been about to abandon), and settles down to work like a beaver and pay off his debts; the



antagonists are finally reconciled in face of this feverish industry, and Von Koren sails off on a turbulent sea in which we privately hope he may drown.

Conrad's *Duel* (between two young lieutenants of Hussars in Napoleon Bonaparte's army), though approached also in a sardonic spirit by the author, is an altogether different storm-in-a-teacup. The story, beginning in 1801, covers sixteen years, and the participants are middle-aged generals before its course is run, their private quarrel having been interrupted by the Napoleonic wars. Perhaps the title should be in the plural, for during the

intervening period five duels in all are fought: one, almost, to mark each step of promotion.

In the fifth, and final, encounter, the generals stalk each other with pistols through a wood at break of day, Feraud technically forfeiting his life after he has missed D'Hubert point-blank with his second shot. D'Hubert, however, not only does not kill him but later sets him free from all obligation, also contributing (secretly) to his enemy's support thenceforward: for, as a man of forty unused to the more tender passions, he would never otherwise have tumbled to the fact that his young fiancée really loved him (she had run two miles from her own house, with her hair down, on hearing of the duel).

Duelling, however, plays a less happy part in the lives of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's\* self-styled "Freiherr" Otto Kreisler, the boorish Prussian painter, and Louis Soltyk, the Polish art-dealer, whose quarrel, initiated among "bourgeois-bohemians" in Paris before the first World War, came to a tragic conclusion in the Bois de Boulogne, when Kreisler—admittedly by mistake—shot his unarmed enemy dead with a Browning on the Field of Honour itself. But this, owing to the unconventional circumstances attending its inception, the unseemly behaviour of the principals throughout, and the fact that it ended in murder, can scarcely be called a duel at all: nor does Chesterton's *Duel of Dr. Hirsch†* really merit the dignified title, since this was a publicity stunt organized by a self-seeking politician, and no actual contest could have taken place: the "challenger" being the wily doctor himself in disguise.

Almost the last instance of a duel in "serious" fiction (which, as the late Dylan Thomas pointed out, may also be funny) is that, recorded by Scott Fitzgerald, between two of the subsidiary characters in *Tender is the Night* (1934): Albert McKisco, author of the

\* *The Duel*, by Anton Chekov (translated by Constance Garnett, 1916)

† *The Duel*, by Joseph Conrad (*A Set of Six*, 1908)

\* *Tarr*, by Wyndham Lewis. First published 1918  
† In *The Wisdom of Father Brown*

first criticism of *Ulysses* to appear in the United States, and Tommy Barbat, a soldier of fortune who, since the age of eighteen, had "worn the uniforms of eight countries." McKisco cannot be said to have represented Literature too badly: he showed no sign of overt fright and duly faced the formidable Barbat at forty paces.

Later we meet McKisco again, improved and humbled by success, which, we are told, "was founded psychologically" upon the duel. Thus duelling would appear to have, from most of the examples cited, a salutary effect on the participants; and latter-day writers might do worse than reintroduce it instead of sex or religion when a beneficial transformation is required in the lives of their characters.

J. MACLAREN-ROSS

**The Paradise Garden.** Michael Swan. *Hamish Hamilton, 10/6*

Mr. Michael Swan's first novel has the faults of its virtues. His characters, a little stiff and over-neurotic, tend to fade against the magnificence of ruined Florentine palaces, of wooded Vallombrosa and the exquisite Tuscan landscape.

Anna, sent to Italy to recover from an unsuccessful love affair, meets and marries a half-Italian dilettante who has to live frugally in his crumbling fourteenth-century villa. Anna's money should prove helpful. There seems every hope for the marriage until, on the nuptial night, Anna can make no response to her husband's Latin ardour. She has an unjustified belief that she is liable to heart failure. This rift in the relationship permits a jealous friend to set about destroying it. Anna's rejected suitor, Robert, now appears, drawn in spite of himself to his old love. He imagines he can save her, but Anna is not for any man. In a sort of despair of herself she brings about her own death. Among this

sad group of characters only Robert has a normal robustness. The harsh reality of his life at Belize is skilfully contrasted with the increasing nullity of epicene expatriate society in Italy. Mr. Swan has a fine, if somewhat flat, style. In his close examination of character and motive he reveals, as we might expect in the author of *Henry James*, the influence of Henry James.

O. M.

**Stonehenge.** R. J. C. Atkinson. *Hamish Hamilton, 16/-*

This excellent account of Stonehenge by one of the three archaeologists in charge of the excavations there details the latest discoveries, of which the chief are the axes and daggers recently found carved on the stones, which seem to link the monument with Mycenaean Greece and Crete. Mr. Atkinson, himself an archaeologist of the most dedicated sort, recognizes that he must not be too severe with the general reader, holding up a small corner of the curtain of possibility in a way that must stir the heart of even the least historically minded. The stones were brought from Pembrokeshire and must have taken at least 1,500 men at least five and a half years to bring them. The building, which has three main periods, probably took place chiefly about 1600 B.C. John Aubrey, the seventeenth-century antiquary, is now commemorated by the holes he discovered there being called "Aubrey holes"; but it was *Avebury*, by the way, that he heard compared to St. Paul's, and *Stonehenge* to a parish church: not vice versa. The monument was partly demolished, deliberately, perhaps in Roman times, perhaps in the early Middle Ages. The sun does not fall on a special stone at dawn on New Year's Day, and the place has, so far as is known, nothing whatever to do with the Druids, whose religious observances took place in groves. An admirable book.

A. P.

**Island in the Sun.** Alec Waugh. *Cassell, 16/-*

Many passions smoulder in the imaginary West Indian island where this long, crowded novel is set. The political drama centres on Lord Templeton, the governor, a brilliant cricketer; Julian Fleury, the island's most aristocratic planter, also a brilliant cricketer; Grainger Morris, a high-minded coloured barrister, who won a Blue at Oxford; and Boyeur, a coloured agitator, who could have played for Trinidad.

The human drama centres on Fleury's son, Maxwell, despised by his wife, a failure in business and politics, and no good at cricket. Unexpectedly, he commits a murder and learns he has coloured blood, with the surprising result that his wife falls in love with him; he makes the estate pay and is elected to the island's parliament. (Whether his cricket improves is not revealed.) Mr. Waugh rewards his good characters and punishes his bad, but there are some extremely gripping chapters before retribution overtakes Maxwell. Only the mischief-making American columnist escapes his deserts, but, as the first fictional journalist to prefer tea and éclairs to Scotch, he merits his success.

J. M.

**Wine's My Line.** T. A. Layton. *Duckworth, 18/-*

Mr. Layton's *métier* is encouraging the British to enjoy good food and wine; not just to know about them but to enjoy them in a sensible, practical way. He is himself both wine-merchant and restaurateur, and the refreshing clear-sightedness and lack of chi-chi with which he carries on both occupations is reflected in his writing, which is of the quality described by German cenophiles as *duftig*, not to say *rassig*.

*Wine's My Line* is a kind of loose autobiography, consisting most of gastronomic reminiscence and interspersed with lively accounts of the author's ventures into farming, publicity and grocery. Despite the catchpenny title, it contains a lot of worthwhile information and opinion; but alas, even Mr. Layton is defeated by the task of portraying the character of wine without inventing a private language. What sensation would the tyro expect, for instance, from a wine that was "slightly flabby" and "flattened itself broadly upon the tongue"?

B. A. Y.

**Cash McCall.** Cameron Hawley. *Hammond, Hammond, 16/-*

Mr. Hawley has followed *Executive Suite* with an even more fully packed drama of American Business; he looks like doing for Corporation Finance what Henry Seton Merriman did for Foreign Affairs. I did not quite believe in his central character, and the love affair, though essential as a complication, was not quite convincing either; but these weaknesses are far outweighed by the descriptions of business practice and in the speed and sureness of at least three-quarters of the narrative. Mr. Hawley's



"There's criticism of personality cult during your British power-stations tour."

real beat is taxation and capital gains and mergers and the interaction of expense-account eating in luxury hotels with personal advancement and company loyalty.

He expounds and probes, but only by implication does he criticize, and he maintains interest by appearing to change his stance from time to time. He brings out more clearly than any novelist I know the different kinds of fascination exerted by business. It is interesting to compare the increased social and ethical complexity of a novel like this with, say, *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*. R. G. G. P.

**Collected Poems.** Kathleen Raine. Hamish Hamilton, 15/-

Miss Raine is, I suppose, a Nature poet, but certainly not a birds-and-bees rhapsodist; her Nature extends from the first thin galactic spirals to the undisclosed dénouement, and she observes it from inside and out; she speculates on its reality and the nature of time and of the half-apprehended tides that seem to flow through and control the whole creation. Her poems often appear simple, especially as her incantatory lines tend to float one along in the drowsy conviction that meaning cannot matter very much. In fact her trains of thought are subtle and fascinating; she has a tense, feminine style though she is sometimes a bit too continually serious, oracular even, for my taste. Her best poems are lucid, self-contained and full of lovely lines. P. D.

**Solo.** Stanford Whitmore. Gollancz, 15/-

This wild, whirling first novel is about two things, jazz in Chicago and personal independence. Its hero tries to be completely detached from the rest of the world, granting no rights over himself, claiming no rights from others. He is a brilliant jazz pianist and becomes famous without making any concessions. His aloofness is always arousing anger and he finally goes deaf as a result of repeated head injuries, ending with a savage beating up by the myrmidons of a kind of jazz boss.

The novel is too full of half-digested ideas, too excited, often over-written and not very clear in its conclusions; but it has got what genteelly competent first novels to-day usually lack—energy. Its author starts from an appetite for experience, not from a wide reading of fashionable fiction and a desire for a safe job in a publisher's office. I sometimes found it tiresome but I never found it dull. To apply the dialect of Mr. Whitmore's characters to their creator, "Man, is he blowing great piano!" R. G. G. P.

**Levine.** James Hanley. Macdonald, 15/-

"Levine had a snake on his arm. He talked to his little cobra": such opening sentences, arousing the reader's immediate interest, are the hallmark of a professional author who knows his business backwards—a phrase particularly applicable in this case; for the tragic story of



Felix Levine, the "tall, bull-shouldered Pole," shipwrecked and landlocked in an alien country, and Grace Helling, the Irish Catholic woman whom he loved and married and eventually murdered, is told with a mastery of the flashback technique which would make Mr. Hanley one of our foremost screenwriters, if British producers could be persuaded more often to employ artists instead of studio-hacks. Beginning with the actual crime and the subsequent investigations of the police officers, alternating between past and present, third and first person, he lays bare to us the real motivation of the murder (the psychological conflict whose origins remain obscure to his star-crossed protagonists themselves), in as satisfying a novel as any he has yet written—perhaps his best since *The Ocean and No Directions*. J. M.-R.

## AT THE PLAY

*A Likely Tale* (GLOBE)  
*The Comedy of Errors* (ARTS)

MR. GERALD SAVORY describes his new play as a comedy, which it is, and better than some. His director, Mr. PETER ASHMORE, tends to over-implement the author's intention. It is a good thing to write a comedy, less good to announce it too emphatically on

the script handed to the director. It puts him on his mettle, challenges him to roll them in the aisles at all costs; his eye flies from line to line seeking maximum exploitation for mirth.

In those parts of *A Likely Tale* where no laughter is provided by Mr. SAVORY, Mr. ASHMORE sees it as his duty to find some, so that the pathos, of which there could have been an effective seasoning, is for the most part overlaid; this in turn has the result, when emotion is rarely allowed to show, of making the audience feel that there is some joke which they would willingly laugh at if only they could see just what it was. Should one laugh or cry at Miss MARGARET RUTHERFORD's terrible spasms of childlike grief? It is hard to say. Mr. MORLEY's bulging eye glints a clever umbrage, to raise a laugh on someone else's line about the wind blowing; but was there any digestive implication on the author's part? When Miss RUTHERFORD, in a long comic scene, demolishes Miss VIOLET FAREBROTHER's splendid hat of robins and fruit in an attempt to remove it, the episode is dramatically a jolting pothole in the true course of character and action. (But, in fairness to Mr. ASHMORE, it must be wondered whether players of eminence are always entirely amenable to director's discipline.)

The plot is virtually irrelevant—the father is fading away upstairs, changing his will during lucid intervals, with his three ageing children gently quivering to his testatory whims in a sitting-room heavy with Victoriana. Love has avoided Lola and Mirabelle, and merely brushed Oswald, leaving him the unspeakable Jonah to remember it by. Mr. MORLEY's transitions between the rôles of Oswald and son, who at times seem to be on the stage almost simultaneously, are accomplished with startling adroitness, but he is more at home as the old port-drinking, most-minor-possible poet, than the younger rip-roaring spiv. The clothes are the clothes of Jonah but the voice is the voice of Morley, and never more so than when it closes Act Two with the comment on Aunt Lola's scarlet dressing-gown: "Dig that crazy Red Riding Hood." This is not a phrase that Mr. MORLEY's lips should be asked to utter unless they can convince us that they belong to someone quite different.

Perhaps the most successful comic performance of the evening is that of Mr. RICHARD PEARSON, as a thoroughly ordinary young man to be seen by the thousand in any London, rush-hour. Sent by a nearby department store to value the imminently inheritable bric-à-brac, he is invited to tea but doesn't get any—hardly, one would think, an acting opportunity of the first water; indeed, Mr. PEARSON seems not to be acting at all, which is the more noticeable, and desirable, in a play where two other players are acting like mad, one of them in duplicate. Miss FAREBROTHER turns

## OBITUARY

We record with regret the death of W. Roger Nicholson, a contributor of prose and verse to *Punch* since 1946. His last contribution, the verses entitled "Critical View," appeared last week.

We also record with regret the death of Cecil Norris, who was for many years a regular contributor to the *Charivaria* page.

in one of her granite females, unfaultable in technique, and Miss MARGARET RUTHERFORD, whose acting becomes more and more the projection of a unique pattern of behaviour, dips and trips and wispily laments in familiar but still engaging fashion. Miss JUDY PARFITT is a sparkling young person, and makes the near-Cinderella parlourmaid a neat cohesion of glamour and credibility.

Cooked up into a comic operetta by Mr. LIONEL HARRIS and Mr. ROBERT McNAB *The Comedy of Errors* has several mildly palate-tickling ingredients—colour, pace most of the time, high spirits, personable young people, and at least one handsomely delivered passage of the original: Mr. DAVID DODIMEAD makes Ægeon's long and potentially tedious plot-laying speech, hard on curtain rise, a model of lively clarity. One unintended ingredient is the growing gamble among the audience as to what will next be seized on as a song cue; the musical numbers are peppered in at random, and are in general economical of lyric ("I shall no more, no more to sea, to sea, to sea, I shall no more," etc.). Mr. JULIAN SLADE's tunes run to the jolly, jiggy, high-jinksy, and provide no serious shocks in the melodic line. They are rendered with vigour by a cast plainly conscious of participating in a grand old lark.

The Antipholus twins of Mr. DAVID PEEL and Mr. FREDERICK JAEGER are handsome, dashing and credibly

confusable, so perhaps it was too much to hope for singing voices equally up to requirements. Their opposite numbers serve us better, and Miss JANE WENHAM's Luciana, particularly, is appealing in voice as well as in wit and beauty. Both Dromios are played by Mr. BERNARD CRIBBINS, who in managing to be two different varieties of Shakespeare clown enlightens theatre-goers who had always imagined that the whole body of the plays contained only one. Mr. HUTCHINSON SCOTT has designed the costumes and scenery, the first bright, the second ingenious: a reversible Ephesian shop-front very nearly deserved the round of applause that greeted it on the opening night.

The presentation will not make Arts Theatre history. Its impressions are swiftly fugitive. But it passes an innocuous hour, and may send you to study the original, if only to try to discover how two lots of Syracusan parents, both blessed with twins, both decided to give them the same Christian names.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

At the Criterion, from the Arts, HUGH GRIFFITH masterly in Anouilh's *The Waltz of the Toreadors* (14/3/56). *Kismet*, now with TUDOR EVANS no mean successor to Alfred Drake, at the Stoll (27/4/55). At the Saville, *The Rivals*, star-strewn and lively.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

## IN THE COURTS

### A Marriage Has Been Dissolved

"THAT's a murky one," said a cheerful-looking man to me as we walked out of one of the Divorce Courts together. This camaraderie is characteristic of the audience in the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, as, I imagine, it might be at the Windmill Theatre. The Division, or the bulk of it, is in a building at one side of the main Law Courts which caters for the comfort of the audience much better than its older competitor. The Divorce Courts are light and airy and the audience occupy the back stalls and pit, which have as good a rake as a cinema. Everything that happens is visible, and it would be audible if only the Bar did not concentrate exclusively on getting their voices forward to the Bench, forgetting about the taxpayers behind them.

Instead of having to queue in the Strand, as you do for the other Divisions, you queue in a central hall, where Fair Petitioners receive support from elegant blond solicitors and bewigged pupils in Chambers discuss the prospects of their side with all the gravity of medical students hoping to be taken for Registrars. Recently I wandered in with no particular case in mind and found a single large queue. The public had apparently decided that this afternoon audience-appeal was concentrated in one court. I must say that when the doors were opened and the evidence began I found the marital unhappiness of the unfortunate parties less "naughty" and "tantalizing" than the gay anticipation shown by my fellow-queueers had led me to expect. This family had an Ibsenish kind of fascination; but their tempers were more interesting than their sex-life. It is a cliché to express surprise at the possibility of sitting next to a murderer on a bus. I am more surprised at the possibility of rubbing shoulders with people who— But, if I did not succeed in being tantalized, at least you might as well be.

Mr. Justice Wallington sometimes seemed to be conducting a kind of shadow case as well as the one before him. He would suddenly turn from closely following the evidence to make asides to counsel that apparently referred to something present in both their minds but hidden from the audience. He said that he would not be saying any more until he delivered his judgment and then made cryptic remarks about whether he preferred the background or the foreground. He certainly occupied the foreground when a mistake in a document made him cry despairingly that we were "going downhill in all directions." None of the peculiarities of the ex-love-birds' home-life produced such a *cri de cœur*.

To test the reliability of queues I tried the court next door. The other members



Jonah Petersham—ROBERT MORLEY

Mirabelle Petersham—MARGARET RUTHERFORD

A Likely Tale

of the audience were clearly an overflow. They sat gloomily, sometimes holding their watches to their ears, while counsel read a Law Report. Mr. Justice Barnard was obviously interested as he heard what his predecessors had done with the part he was shortly going to play. It was a very legal atmosphere and oddly out of place in the Divorce Courts, where there are comparatively few books and the atmosphere is sub-scholarly. Sometimes it is even business-like. One afternoon I sampled some undefended cases. These were being heard by a County Court Judge sitting as a Divorce Commissioner. Husbands disappeared and thirty years later steps were taken. A good deal of the short time occupied by each case was spent by witnesses suspiciously peering at signatures and recognizing them as their own. I was glad to see that discretion statements are kept on paper and not confessed publicly. Inquiry agents, who seem to do things like cautioning people that I thought were reserved to the police, are not rat-like little men, shady and faded, but either rather burly like ex-policemen or sad and ordinary like elderly reporters.

Another morning I heard a case before Mr. Justice Barnard with petitions and cross-petitions and a litigant-in-person who read from sheets of paper filled with compliments to the Judge. The judgment in divorce cases takes the form of a review of the evidence as detailed and deliberate as a summing-up. Mr. Justice Barnard has a quiet, clear voice that is easy to listen to. He went into considerable detail but his diction was concise and he never muffed a word. Although as a review of the married lives of two people it was lucid and continuously interesting, as time went on I could not help thinking of the queue of litigants waiting their turn; but there is no space to diverge into the more metaphysical regions of jurisprudence by discussing whether in justice as in contracts time is of the essence.

R. G. G. PRICE

## AT THE PICTURES



*Alexander the Great  
The African Lion  
Race for Life*

IT is perhaps ill-natured of me to suggest that the lack of enthusiasm shown by many critics for *Alexander the Great* (Director: ROBERT ROSSEN) is the result of annoyance, not to say exasperation, at their being able to find almost nothing in it to jeer at. Me, I was agreeably surprised; knowing the film was to last for nearly two hours and three-quarters, I had expected to feel progressively more bored, and in fact I found myself . . . not *absorbed*, no, but constantly interested and quite well entertained.

The more determinedly disrespectful writers about the film have been reduced to ribald comparisons of *objects*—dress, helmets, shields—with incongruous

modern phenomena they seem to resemble; and that's really scraping the barrel, for it is as nearly as possible certain that Mr. ROSSEN's research department would have got those, at least, as right as anyone could get them. The imponderables, the details that had to be imagined of character and motive and their interaction, seem to me quite convincingly and well presented here: some of the principals, notably FREDRIC MARCH as Alexander's father Philip of Macedon and to a lesser degree RICHARD BURTON as Alexander himself, are able to display individual personalities with a success all too rare in huge "epics" of this kind.

The whole of Alexander's life is covered, and that is probably a mistake. Most of the dramatically interesting passages—as distinct from the spectacularly interesting ones—are in the first part of the film, before the great conquests begin; it might have been better to go all out for one kind of effect or the other, either tensions between individuals or CinemaScope views of battle, not both. The battles, too—nearly always fought across a narrow and apparently wadable stream, under a blue sky—inevitably tend to look very much alike. Nevertheless, as I say, the picture as a whole kept me continually interested and appreciative. There is a great deal of pleasure for the eye, real visual pleasure apart from the mere impressiveness of the wide-ranging spectacular view of a great occasion; the dialogue though not distinguished is quite intelligent; and the characters, however superficially sketched, are much more than the usual costume-piece puppets.

It occurred to me, watching the latest Disney "True Life Adventure" *The African Lion* (Director: JAMES ALGAR), that a certain apparent exaggeration, over-emphasis, artificiality of colour that I think I have before noticed in Disney animal pictures might be traceable to the use of the telescopic lens. I don't know about optics, but this does seem basically the same kind of somewhat unnaturally bright colour as one can observe in a view through binoculars.

However, that is a mere point of curiosity, not a critical objection. Like all Disney animal pictures, this one is full of most fascinating stuff. Though it is called after the lion and goes into his family life in some detail, it also uses him as a link between pictures of innumerable other creatures "in his kingdom," from the wart-hog to the secretary bird, from the locust to the giraffe and the elephant. None of them pleased me more than the small wading bird called the courser, which has a remarkable and highly comic faculty of keeping its head motionless, as if mechanically fixed, while undulating its body. Facetious musical accompaniment for this and other rhythmic movements, as usual; that, and the occasional sententious remarks about

SHERRIFFS



[The African Lion]

the behaviour of Nature, I regret. But there can be very few people of any age who would not find most of the film both impressive and enjoyable.

Similarly there can be few who would not be enjoyably gripped by the French film the title of which (we aren't told the original one) is translated as *Race for Life* (Director: CHRISTIAN-JAQUE). The theme here is the way the chain—or as the credit titles call it, the *réseau*, network—of amateur radio enthusiasts in several countries succeeds in saving the lives of the crew of a French trawler in the North Sea. The trawler's captain uses his short-wave set in the emergency (his men are stricken by a mysterious disease) and gets in touch with a doctor in Africa, who tells him what to do and in turn calls for life-saving serum—and by the last moment all but one of the lives are in danger—which is flown by a French plane from Paris to Berlin, by a Russian plane to Copenhagen, by a French plane to Oslo, and finally by a Norwegian plane out to the ship. Just in time . . . but one can't complain that it happens too easily: everything goes wrong, all sorts of difficulties arise. The film is brilliantly made, the suspense is hypnotic (H.-G. Clouzot collaborated with the director on the script). I enjoyed this immensely.

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There are other good new foreign films in London: the Italian *I Vitelloni* (Director: FEDERICO FELLINI), misleadingly called *Spies*, which is highly entertaining and full of crisply interesting detail, and the French *Papa, Mama, the Maid and I* (Director: J. P. LE CHANOIS), a domestic comedy that pleasingly mixes very funny touches of slapstick with genuine character. With this latter at the Curzon is the two-year-old revue *New Faces*, which never before had a central London showing and is very well worth seeking out in its own right.

Releases include *Davy Crockett* (see "Survey," 28/12/55), *A Town Like Alice* (28/3/56) and *Helen of Troy* (8/2/56).

RICHARD MALLETT

## ON THE AIR

### Frames and Signatures

WHENEVER I go to the theatre I am made aware of the lack of any sense of occasion in my radio listening and televising. At the theatre the preamble of programme-sellers and musicians, the chatter, dimming of house lights and sedate unwrapping of the stage from its layers of curtain all help to build an air of expectancy and a conviction that my journey has been really necessary. At home I switch on hopefully but without any glow of pleasure or anticipatory vibration of nerve-endings. Sound radio and television are on tap. Music, alphabet and image go round and around, hoo-ha, hoo-ha, and they come out here.

I am convinced that radio and TV programmes would be more attractive with each item insulated by at least thirty minutes from its neighbours. And I should like to see each programme mounted and framed in such a way that the audience were afforded time to study the titling, read the programme notes and enjoy a period of peaceful reflection and evaluation. What happens now in television is that every item is jostled and elbowed off the screen as soon as the last words of the script have been mouthed. A play ends on a note of heavy emotion and we are immediately confronted by a grinning comic (B.B.C.) or a commercial puppet (I.T.A.). An interesting discussion or documentary winds up with opportunities for friendly domestic disputation and the screen is immediately dominated by a simpering crooner, a boxer adjusting his gum-shield or Wilfred Pickles publicly befriending an octogenarian.

But why leave the tap running? It is



easy enough, surely, to stretch an arm and turn a knob. Unfortunately, it is easier still to remain captive, to allow ourselves to be transfixed by the bright third-degree glare of the screen, and to allow the mood of enchantment or inquiry to disappear.

We have become so accustomed to the dripping tap of radio entertainment that some critics now get hot under the collar about the content of interval signals. The B.B.C. is lambasted because it screens its thrower of pottery, its windmill and its waterfall too often. It is urged to banish announcers and announcements, to keep up an unbroken, non-stop flow of fun and games. It is told—to borrow the language of the soccer terraces—to “get stuck in,” cut out fancy stuff like titling, credits and introductory music, and “get rid of it.”

Until the I.T.A. appeared among the channels there was always the possibility that the B.B.C. might mend its ways, acknowledge the fact that there is far too much television (too much for intelligent

viewing, too much to be handled by the available talent, and more than is economically justifiable), and decide to present fewer and better programmes. Now any such development is out of the question. The I.T.A. knocks its evenings into shape as if it were a Tabloid newspaper. Slickness is all. Every item, each with its quota of stunt headlines, is sawn off to the required length and fitted so tightly into the schedule that daylight can never show through. And the B.B.C., struggling to compete, is adopting the same tactics.

Where the B.B.C. does allow time for the mounting and framing of programmes its standard is reasonably good. The lettering and design of end-papers has been greatly improved in recent years, though legibility is often sacrificed to novelty and credits are often disposed of with the speed of dirty linen descending a chute. “Panorama” is introduced very ably, and so are “Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?” the “Brains Trust,” Children’s Television and “Books and Authors,” but far too many programmes borrow faded techniques and gimmicks from the cinema, and some (like “More Contrary”) are insufferably lush and satiny.

And while I’m about it let me appeal for occasional variety in the B.B.C.’s mood music. It is a mistake surely to introduce every reasonably intelligent programme with snatches of Bach or Mozart, every middlebrow regular with Elgar or Eric Coates, and everything lowbrow with the products of Tin Pan Alley. The “Brains Trust” could do with a spot of Bix or Jelly Roll, and “Ask Pickles” might sound more inviting with an introductory chord or two from “Flight of the Bumblebee.”

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS

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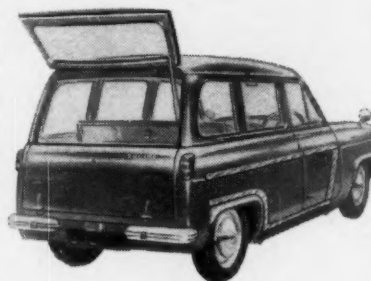
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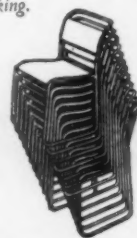
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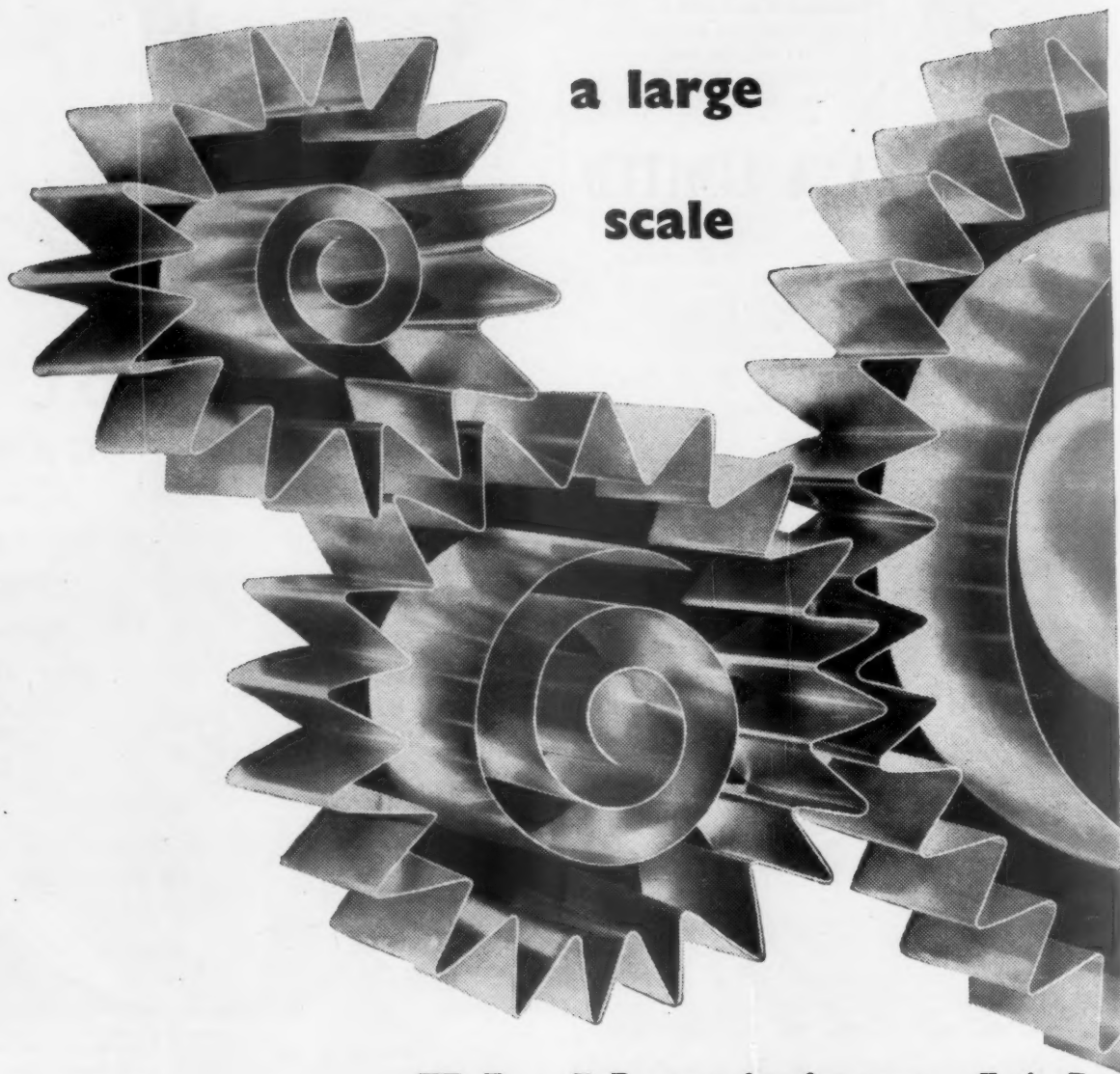
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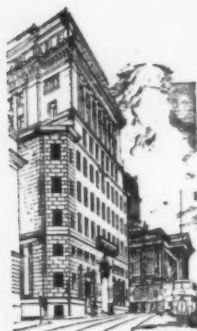


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# Shell Nature Studies 16 BUTTERFLIES

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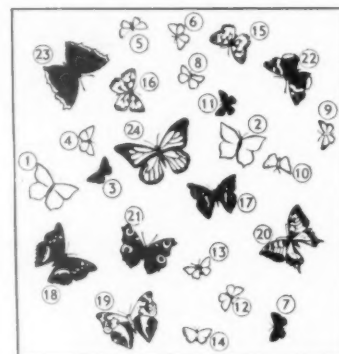


The butterfly year begins when BRIMSTONES (1, ♂; 2, ♀) flutter from hibernation into the March sunshine. Early summer brings the GREEN HAIRSTREAK (3, 4), brown above, green below. Later months introduce the COMMON BLUE (5, ♂, upper side; 6, ♂, under side; 7, ♀, upper side; 8, ♀, under side), and less vivid and more local, the CHALK-HILL BLUE (9, ♂, upper side; 10, ♂, under side; 11, ♀).

Other local kinds are the ADONIS BLUE (12, ♂, upper side; 13, ♂, under side; 14, ♀, under side) and the MARBLED WHITE (15, ♂; 16, ♀), both typical of chalky country. Also the PURPLE EMPEROR (17) of southern oak and beech woods, whose Empress (18 and 19, under side) lacks the distinctive purple; and the SWALLOW-TAIL (20) of Wicken Fen and the Broads. For colour and markings few of the rarer butterflies can match the delicious PEACOCK (21).

Some butterflies migrate to us across the sea. The RED ADMIRAL (22), or "Red Admirable", as it was first called, migrates from southern Europe. The very rare CAMBERWELL BEAUTY (23), first captured at Camberwell in 1748, flies across from Norway. The MONARCH or MILKWEED (24), largest of all and nearly four inches across, comes occasionally from America, probably on board ship.

♂ is the symbol for male, ♀ for female, where no symbol given, ♂ and ♀ are very similar.



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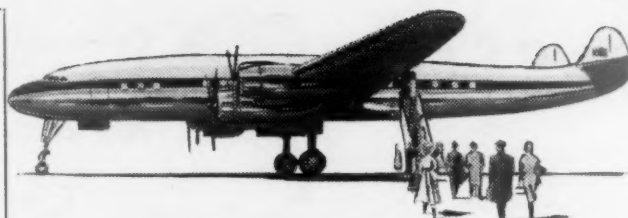


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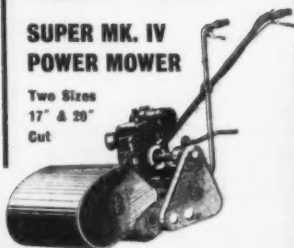
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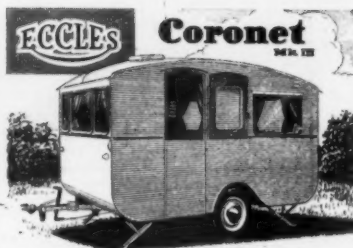
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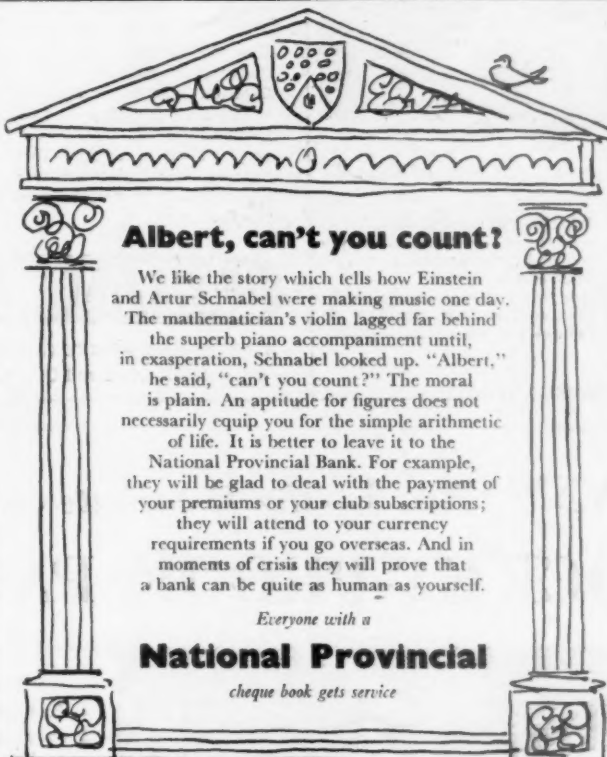
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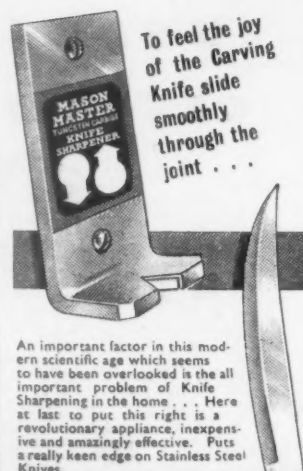
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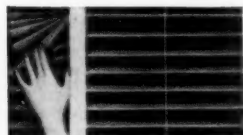


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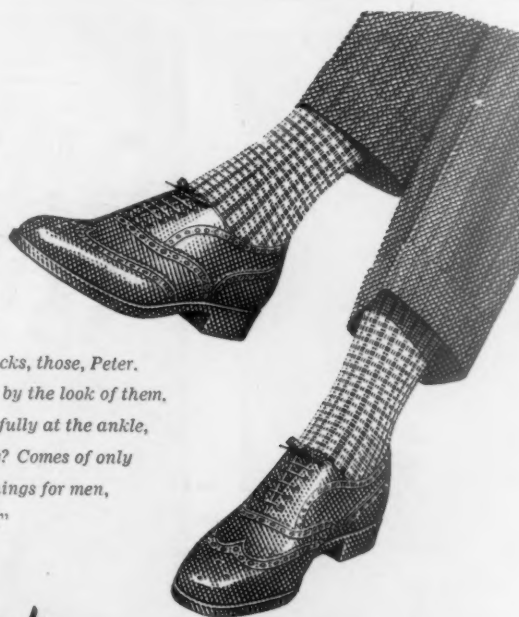
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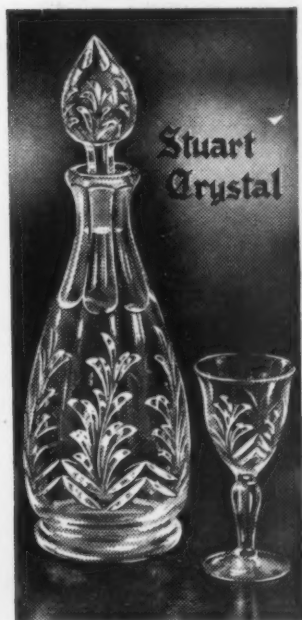
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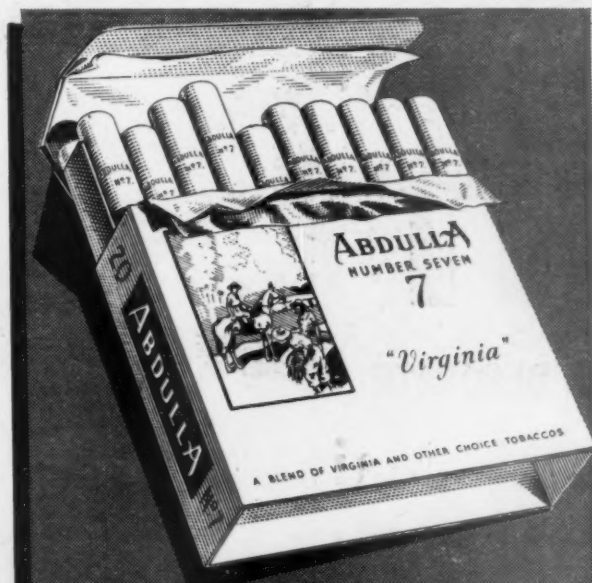
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SIR OSBERT SITWELL, BT., J.P. C.B.E., Derbyshire, Hon. LL.D., St. Andrews, Hon. D.Litt., Sheffield, Hon. Associate American Inst. of Arts and Letters, F.R.S.L., was educated "during the holidays from Eton." He was in the Grenadier Guards from 1912 to 1919, and since then has been on continuously active service against the Philistine; for their conduct in this long and arduous campaign he and his gallant siblings, Edith and Sacheverell, have been mentioned frequently in dispatches. Poet and playwright, novelist and essayist, art critic and autobiographer, he has been three times Chairman of the Management Committee of the Society of Authors. Lives in London and at Renishaw Hall, near Sheffield.

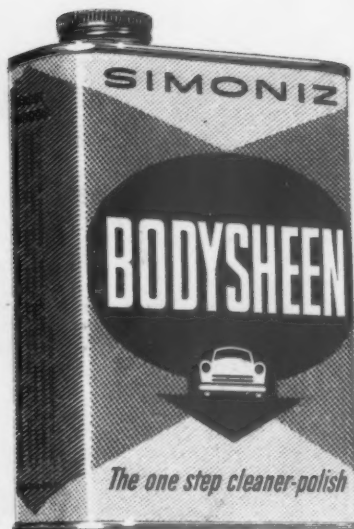
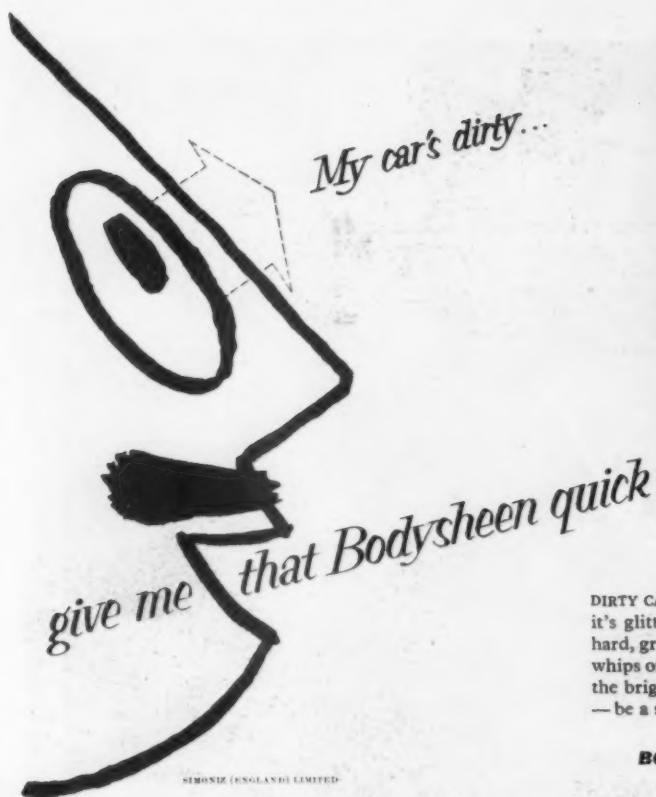
## "My Daily Mail" by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

"I READ many daily papers but the Daily Mail is my choice of its kind. For this I have excellent reasons. The paper was founded by a man of genius in his own medium; a man who, with his brothers, made the name of Harmsworth synonymous with modern journalism; and the wind of his genius continues to blow through and invigorate its pages.

I read the Daily Mail because its format makes for clarity; the leading article on the front page is always interesting and never spiteful, though sometimes full

of battle. The reviews of books are composed by an expert, himself a brilliant writer, who knows how to give their essential character. Its art critics show a reasonable appreciation of modern work and never exhibit prejudice.

Then there is, too, a personal reason. My sister, my brother and myself have had a rather stormy career, and the Daily Mail, as my sister remarked to me the other day, has from the beginning always treated us with absolute fairness."



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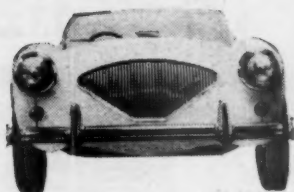


*Mohair Coat & Jersey Hat  
by Jaeger*

## BEAUTIFULLY FAST, THE AUSTIN HEALEY

This is an unusual picture. It shows an Austin Healey at rest; and that is one thing this magnificent sports car rarely is. For when you think of an Austin Healey, you think of beauty in action. You think of an immensely powerful sports car going ahead like streak lightning. You think of a speedometer that goes 70 . . . 80 . . . 90 . . . 100 — and more. You think of the sheer excitement and exhilaration of being at the wheel of a record-breaker.

But the Austin Healey is not only beautiful to watch and beautiful to drive. The car itself is a beautiful engineering and design job. Its surging power comes from a superb 2.6 litre O.H.V. engine. Its wonderfully finished body is built on aerodynamic lines for speed. Its controls (one of the results of racing experience) are handily placed for sports driving. Its boot is particularly large for this kind of car. One final word. The upholstery is real leather, the carpeting is luxurious, the accessories are part and parcel of the standard equipment. Considering all this and the class of the car, the price of the Austin Healey is remarkably reasonable: £806 plus £404 7s. P.T.



# AUSTIN HEALEY

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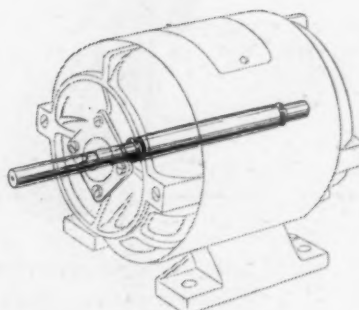
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— John Ruskin (1819-1900)



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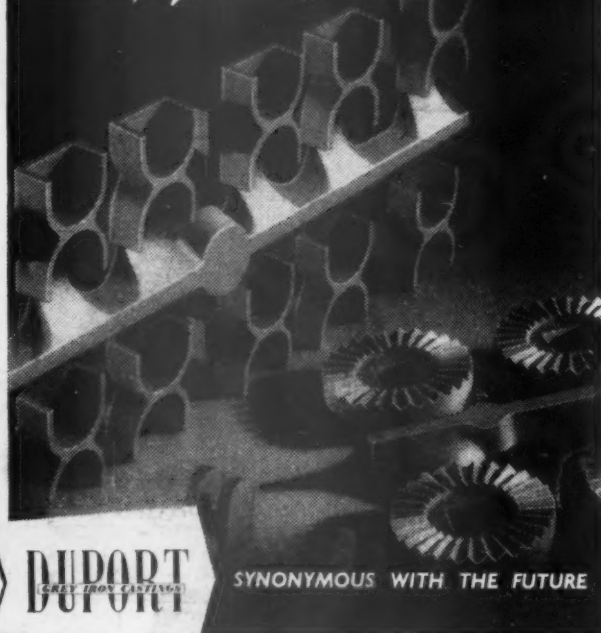
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On this exterior, White Pammel is employed to accentuate the bright Porcelain Blue and Mushroom Pammastic used on the cement-rendered walls.



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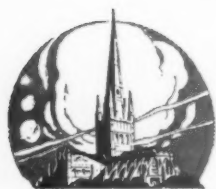


*A Kodachrome photograph*

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